

THE VATICAN  
OR  
THE HEIR OF LIMERICK

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00020352838



BY  
ESIDORE KERFOOT





Class PZ3

Book K454V

Copyright N<sup>o</sup>

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



































# THE VATICAN

OR

## The Heir of Limerick

BY

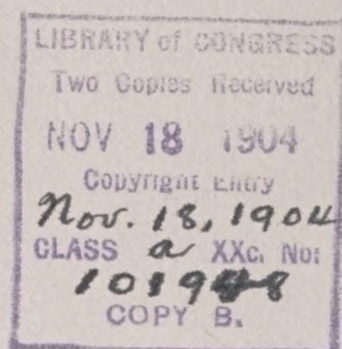
ESIDORE KERFOOT



CHICAGO, 1904



PZ3  
K454V



35

---

Copyright, 1904, by Esidore Kerfoot

---





To the Memory of My Mother.

—*The Author.*







# Introduction

---

DEAR READER:—

It is customary to omit preface. I beg you to make an exception in my case. This is not a work of fiction, it is a record of facts. Therefore, the reader will not expect me to dispose of its various characters on artistic principles, that is, lay them away in one of those final receptacles for the creation of the romancer.

The characters I have introduced are real and not drawn with the pencil of fancy. Some may think the heroine of the story is rather overdrawn and that the influence exerted over rougher natures exceeds the bounds of probability, and yet who shall set limits to those gracious influences which may be exerted by one so faultless and pure upon ruder natures?

We are apt to forget the Prophet's vision of the latter day glory of the Church, when the wolf shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them.

It is the unseen forces of nature, and those which operate most noiselessly, which are the most powerful; and eye hath not seen, neither hath ear heard, nor hath entered into the imagination of man the forces which are most potent in forming the characters of individual men and shaping the destiny of the race.

By the Author,

ESIDORE KERFOOT.







# THE VATICAN

OR

## THE HEIR OF LIMERICK

### CHAPTER I

In 1849 Mary Russell was deprived, by death, of her father, he being massacred, with many others, by the Indians, while crossing the plains to regain his health and increase his fortune in California, leaving his wife and three children, Mary and Harold being twins and the oldest, in comfortable circumstances and a beautiful home of their own in the suburbs of Philadelphia. It was a large and aristocratic looking gray stone house, very much after the style of Mr. Russell's home in London, with its wide verandas and its massive columns, covered with Virginia ivy. The lawns were shaded with beautiful elm trees. The interior of the house, with its massive mahogany doors and stair-cases, with drawing-rooms and music-room on one side and library



well filled with the best literature, and dining-room on the other side, with large fire-places and massive brass fenders and fire-dogs. The furnishings throughout the house were in keeping with the house itself; it was a unique and beautiful home.

Mr. Russell's partner, William Mavor, being the older of the two and a native of America, encouraged him to go, telling him it would benefit his health, and also give him an opportunity of seeing the beautiful western country, and that he would take good care of his family and business until he returned to them again.

Mary Russell was born in the old illustrious town of Sidney. Its name which carries with it, shows the attestation of its genuine nobility. Her parents were highly cultured and respectable people. They were not merely of the aristocracy of rank, but of the aristocracy of mind. She came to America with them at the age of nine.

Mary's parents were born in London. Her mother was the only child of Squire Jerome Maxwell, a barrister to the Queen's bench, and



an officer in the Revolutionary war. His daughter inherited a comfortable fortune at his death. Mary's mother was a fine linguist and a talented musician. Her father was a graduate of Oxford, a good Christian man, and the only child of a widowed mother. Being honest himself, he considered every one else the same; he entrusted his family and fortune to the care of a silent partner, a comparative stranger to him.

Mary's thoughts far exceeded her years. When she first saw her father's partner, she did not like him, and always shrunk beneath his gaze; but as she was only a child, little attention was paid to her seeming reticence. After Mr. Russell's death, his wife knew, by being careful, the income from her husband's business would more than support and educate her children. Shortly after the death of her husband, Mr. Mavor informed her that she must be very careful about her expenses, as business was not very good at the present time.

Mrs. Russell's income had commenced to lessen a great deal. Mr. Mavor had informed



her that in place of a further withdrawal of funds, he considered it to be necessary for her to replace her withdrawals, in order to tide the business over the dull times, as he called them.

In the meantime he was building a fine residence down on the Hudson for himself and family, while Mary's mother was walking the floor at night, crying and wondering what would become of her and her little family, who were strangers in a strange land. At last Mr. Mavor informed her that she would have to put at least a thousand dollars more into the business, and it would have to be done immediately, telling her, if it became necessary, she would have to mortgage her home until it was sold, and he would try and do all he could to raise the money for her from some of his wife's wealthy relatives, who lived out west. The poor woman, rather than have her children want, would sacrifice anything she had for their comfort and to care for them, until she could sell her home and business to take them back to England, putting the house into the hands of Mavor for sale, and, of course, he



was none too anxious to sell it, as he had gotten so much of her fortune already he was going to do the best he could to get the rest. As time went on and the home was not yet sold, the beautiful furniture had to be mortgaged for less than one-third of what it cost. Mr. Mavor's son, who was a clerk in her husband's business, and about to be married, was the mortgagee. After a while, one beautiful piece after another of the fine old family silver, with the Maxwell coat-of-arms on, was pawned to the Mavors. As the house was not yet sold, and no income from the business was being received, Mrs. Russell began to teach music and French, when her little son, Jerome, the youngest of the children, was taken sick with the typhoid fever, and after lingering two or three weeks, went to sleep in the arms of Jesus

Mrs Russell was a very proud and independent woman. As long as she had anything to realize money on, she would not ask help from strangers, and in order to bury her little son, she was obliged to sacrifice her costly jewels



and wedding laces, many of them being old family heirlooms, handed down from generation to generation. She had expected some day to give these to her little daughter to transmit as legacies to future posterity.

The Mavors always had a little money when Mrs. Russell was obliged to make a sacrifice, telling her they were borrowing it from friends to accommodate her, knowing how embarrassing it would be for her to go to strangers.

The poor woman, after the funeral of her little son, commenced to break down under the dreadful strain of losing husband, child and fortune, all in such a short time. The beautiful home that cost eighteen thousand dollars only a few years before, was under a mortgage now for one thousand dollars, Mavor telling her that as money was very scarce at the present time, that was all he could borrow for her, and three month's interest out of that would have to be paid in advance, and the rest would have to go into the business right off. The poor sick and sorrowful woman, by this time, was satisfied there was something wrong,



but she could not help herself, knowing her Heavenly Father would bring all things to light some day.

“Poor weary heart, by the cares of life oppressed,  
Is wandering in the shadow and sighing for a rest;  
Weary heart, God is rest.”

The poor woman could not stand the dreadful strain any longer, and succumbed to the fever herself, she being out of her mind most of the time; her darling little daughter being her constant attendant day and night. For the first time, during Mrs. Russell's sickness, she recognized her children and was conscious that she was going to leave them very soon. She told Mary to guard the papers and care for Harold, praying that he would continue to be a good boy as she had always taught him to be. She knew Mary trusted in God, and that He would bring all hidden deeds to light.

At that Mr. Mavor and his wife came into the room. Seeing that she was sinking fast, they tried to induce her to tell them where she kept all the valuable papers and other valuables in regard to the home and business. The



poor woman was only thinking of her God and what would become of her little children, without friends or relatives in America. Ignoring his question, and knowing what he meant, she prayed to God to protect her children until the time came when they would meet at the throne of Grace.

After the death of Mrs. Russell, until the funeral, either Mavor or some of his family stayed at the Russell home all the time, and would not let the children out, fearing the neighbors might see and question them in regard to what was going to be done with them and their home. The evening before the funeral Mavor brought two small satchels in a carriage, and in the morning his wife handed them to Mary, telling her to pack a few articles of her own and Harold's clothing in them, as Mr. Mavor was going to take them, after the funeral, to stay with some friends of theirs for a few days, until everything was settled; then he would bring them back. Mary said nothing, but did what she was told. It was her darling, dead mother, who was laid out in the



parlor, that she was thinking of at that time, and not clothes. Mavor didn't have the slightest idea of the foresight of this very young girl he had commenced to deal with.

After her father's death, Mary was her mother's confidant in everything she did. Mrs. Russell always had her little daughter with her when she transacted any business with Mavor, calling her her little barrister, and telling her how much she was like her dear old grandfather Maxwell, and she wished he was living now to care for them all, but she trusted her Heavenly Father for that.

Mary knew why Mavor was so anxious to find out where the valuable papers were kept, but he had no idea that she was the possessor of them; and when she was told to pack a few articles of her every-day clothes, and the poorest of them at that, she packed the papers also, for where she went, they went too; but no one ever knew that but God and herself. Mrs. Russell's neighbors were anxious to know what was going to be done with the children and their property, Mavor's wife telling them Mrs.



Russell wished Mr. Mavor to put them in a boarding-school until they were of age, and it was his intention to do so right after the funeral. This explanation was all very satisfactory to the neighbors, they believing it to be true.

The children were taken right from their mother's grave over to New York and put in a Catholic orphan asylum. The little things clung to each other on the train, crying for their good Christian mother, for such she was. When they arrived at the asylum, it was long after dark. Mary cried most bitterly, saying to Mavor, "Are those your friends?" and asking him what he was going to do with her brother. He told her he would take good care of him and they would soon see each other again, and if they ever dared to go back to Philadelphia, unless they had money to pay him for all his trouble and for burying their mother, he would bring them back and put them over on the island, telling them what a dreadful place it was.

Poor Mary never rebelled against anything.



She kept silent and saw through it all, knowing how helpless and penniless they were, and only children in the hands of strangers. While Mavor was having a whispered conversation with Sister Raphael, Mary was talking to Harold, telling him to be a good, honest boy and remember his mother's last words, and take everything to God in prayer, and trust Him for all and in all things. When Mavor got ready to take Harold away to put him in the asylum for boys, Mary kissed him again and again, handing him their mother's Bible, saying, "May God be with you, my brother, and protect you, until we meet again."

Oh, what a very sad night that was for poor Mary, under the roof of an orphan asylum, separated from all she loved! But she knew that God was with her and would protect her from all sin.

A few days after Mary was put in the asylum, a Mrs. Murphy called for a little girl who might be old enough to help with the housework and do chores for her board and clothes.



Two or three children were brought in for inspection, Mary Russell being among them. She was immediately chosen by Mrs. Murphy. Sister Raphael told Mrs. Murphy that no one could have her unless they sent her to school. The kind-hearted sister was sorry for Mary, telling her if Mrs. Murphy was not good to her to be sure and come right back to them again and they would try to procure another home for her. But the poor girl felt that any kind of a home was better than the asylum, and she was glad to be free once more, in hopes that she could find her brother. The Murphys lived in an old house of four rooms and a garret, where Mary slept. Mr. Murphy, when sober, worked on the wharves, loading and unloading steamers. They were very coarse people, utterly without either education or ambition. Their earthly belongings, besides a little old furniture, consisted of a couple of cows and some chickens. This is the kind of a home the little refined Mary Russell commenced her orphan life in.

Her little heart was stilled now by every



anxious care; she was going to leave all things to Him in perfect rest and prayer. The first thing Mrs. Murphy did after getting Mary home was to cut off her beautiful auburn curls. When she saw the scissors in Mrs. Murphy's hands, she cried and begged her not to cut them off, for she said her darling dead mother used to comb and curl them and kiss her on the head, calling her her curly-headed darling. Oh, how the tears did flow from her beautiful mild brown eyes, with their long lashes and arched brow! As the scissors went through her beautiful hair, Mrs. Murphy slapped her in the face and pulled her hair, telling her to stop crying or she would give her more than that to cry for. Oh, cruel death, what a change from a happy Christian home and a clean-spread table, where a blessing was always asked, to that of ignorance and poverty! When Mary went to the table, she waited for the blessing, as was her usual way at home. Mr. Murphy asked her what she was waiting for. She told him for the blessing. In a sneering way he looked at his wife and told her they didn't



have anything like that on the table. Mrs. Murphy smiled and told Mary she must do away with all that kind of foolishness now. She also told her she must never tell any one where she took her from, or that her name was Mary Russell, for she would now be called Mary Murphy. The poor girl was always glad when night came, though it was in the garret she had to sleep, so that she could be alone with her God. When she was asked if she was afraid to sleep up there alone, she said, "Oh, no," she could never be alone, for God was everywhere. Mrs. Russel had taught her children early in life, though their earthly father could leave them, their Heavenly Father would never leave them or forsake them.

Poor Mary prayed fervently to God to protect her and her brother wherever he was, and that she might see him soon again. She had to work very hard for the Murphys, helping with the work and delivering milk before and after school. When out of school, the only time she had for study was at night in the old garret, by the light of a candle. Every night



before she commenced to study she thanked God for the blessing of the day and asked Him in the name of Jesus to increase her knowledge and understanding, and fill her with the wisdom of the Holy Ghost, that in it she might glorify His name. Professor Graham knew how hard she had to work, and marvelled at her progress and wisdom in school, always bringing her up as an example to her class. The girls in Mary's room and class were very jealous of her, because she was always at the head of the class before school was out, and did not notice her when out of school, on account of her humble position and poor clothes. Mary prayed to God to give her grace to bear these slights and insults, knowing it was not good clothes or high social position that pleased her Heavenly Father, but good works and righteousness. She was a very conscientious and independent girl, and was not ashamed of her humble position, but thanked God for giving her strength and knowledge to work for her living.

The Grahams were very fond of her and were



satisfied that she had seen better days, and saw from her manners that she was beautifully raised; but whenever they would ask her anything of her former life and home, she would look at them in such a sweet, pathetic way, as much as to say, "Please don't ask me," and that was all they could get out of her. They were very anxious to have her leave the Murphys, and would gladly take her as their own child, for they had only one, a son, four or five years older than Mary, who, in a short time, would be leaving them to go abroad and enter college in Berlin. Mary told them she would not leave the Murphys under any circumstances, saying that she believed her Heavenly Father had a purpose in her being with them, and she was going to do God's will in all things, no matter how hard it might be, and some time they would understand why it was all so.

The next morning was very dark and rainy, and Mary, not feeling well, forgot to deliver the milk to Mrs. Hickey, and as the Hickeys and the Murphys were very warm friends, it



was the cause of Mary getting a dreadful scolding after she came home from school that day, and she was not allowed any supper that evening. The poor girl did not sleep very much that night, thinking of the past and wondering what God had in store for her in the future.

As she was a little late in getting downstairs next morning, Mrs. Murphy crept upstairs in her stocking feet and found her on her knees, praying; so she stole up behind her, catching her by the hair and kicking her. Just as she was about to strike her, the poor girl raised her hands to protect herself, and looking Mrs. Murphy straight in the face, said, "Please don't, God is looking at you," and cried aloud to her Heavenly Father to give ear to her prayer and supplication. The prayers uttered by Mary that morning touched the cold, ignorant woman's heart, and haunted her all day. For the first time in her life Mrs. Murphy was convicted of sin. Oh, how anxious she was to see the dear girl that afternoon, fearing that when she came home, it would be for her few clothes, and to leave



them. As the school was a mile and a half from the Murphys', she could not get home at noon, so she spent that hour in prayer and reading her little Testament, which she always carried in her pocket. Professor Graham's family lived only a short distance from the school, and as long as they could not have Mary live with them as their daughter, they did all they could to have her as their lunch guest. This Mary declined, thanking them most kindly and telling them she preferred to have that hour for spiritual food, in company with her Heavenly Father.

That afternoon, when Mary got home, she found Mrs. Murphy crying, for Mr. Murphy had lost his position on account of being drunk just one time too often, and this caused his wife great sorrow, not knowing when or how he would get another place. Though she had brought tears to Mary's eyes many a time with unkind words and cruel blows, Mary could not bear to see her or any one else crying. The lovely girl put her arms around Mrs. Murphy's neck, and said, "Don't



cry, come, carry your burdens to Jesus, pour out your heart to Him and trust in His mercy," telling her that is what she always did. At that Mr. Murphy woke up out of a drunken stupor, and commenced to beat and abuse his wife, when Mary, quick as a flash, stepped in between them, receiving the blow that was intended for Mrs. Murphy, cutting her on the side of the head. The blood commenced to flow in profusion, which scared Mr. Murphy so much that he commenced to sober up and was very sorry, doing all he could for the poor girl. Mary, with a wet cloth to her head, and tears in her beautiful eyes, looked Mr. Murphy straight in the face and said: "Oh, did you ever think of the innocent blood that Christ shed on Calvary's cross for sinners? and there was no one that wiped the blood away from His sacred wounds. That same Jesus suffered for your sins and mine. Won't you surrender your will and come to Him now? 'For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"



Mr. Murphy looked at Mary for a minute or two, and said: "Mary, how can you be so kind and forgiving and stay with people who have treated you as we have, when you know that you don't have to?" She told him when God could stand by sinners and forgive them, she could do so too. When Mrs. Murphy saw what Mary had done to save her from the cruel blow, she put her arms around her neck and asked her forgiveness for all the cruel words and blows she had given her. Mary took her by the hand and led her over to where her husband stood, saying, "I know you both love each other, and it is only sin that makes you cruel and unkind. Come, let us pray." While they were yet on their knees, and Mary was invoking God's blessing upon them, a loud knock came to the door, and in staggered Jim Daily and big Mike Hurley, who was considered the bully of the ward. They were half drunk, and tried to get Mr. Murphy out with them; but he said to them: "Not to-night, boys, not to-night. Come and listen to the story that little Mary has to tell of Jesus and His love."



But that was not the kind of a story they wanted to hear just then. Catching hold of Mr. Murphy by the arm, they said, "By gob, you must come down to the corner with us, old boy, and then we'll come back again and hear the story." But Mary knew her efforts would be futile this time if they got down to the corner, for that meant a night's carousal at Billy Ford's saloon, and as quick as a flash, she said to Mrs. Murphy: "Please hurry up and make a good strong cup of coffee for them. I don't think the poor fellows have had anything to eat since morning, and that will help sober them up, as they have been drinking, and I will sing a song for them." Just as they had reached the door, pulling Mr. Murphy by the arm, Mary ran up to them in a pleading way and said, "Oh, please come back. If you don't care to hear the story, I can sing you a good Irish song. Oh, do come back, and you can go afterwards if you must." The poor girl, with a sad heart and aching head, commenced to sing the song:



“There is a dear spot in Ireland that I long to see,  
’Tis my old native birth-place, and it’s Heaven to  
me.

Sure, my poor widowed mother lived there alone,  
With my brothers and sisters ’twas a bright, happy  
home.

Sure we hadn’t much money, but my own mother  
dear

Gave me her blessing, bid my heart be of good  
cheer,

Then the shadows of poverty darkened our door,  
And I left Ireland and mother, because we were  
poor.

They all looked at Mary with a very sad countenance, and especially Mr. Murphy and his wife, when they saw her poor little head tied up and she trying to sing to keep their drunken friends from the saloon. It was the first time the Murphys ever heard a note of music from the dear girl, and they were very much surprised, saying it sounded to their ears like the thrush and the nightingale in their own native land.

Mrs. Murphy invited the men to sit down to a good cup of coffee and some supper, telling them that Mary would sing again as soon as they had finished. After supper the men were



quite sobered up, and asked Mrs. Murphy for water so that they could wash themselves, for they now realized their pitiable condition. As soon as they were through, Mary sang:

“The valley lay smiling before me, where lately I  
left her behind,  
Yet I trembled and something hung o’er me that  
saddened the joy of my mind,  
I looked for the lamp which she told me should  
shine when her pilgrim returned,  
But though darkness began to infold me, no lamp  
from the battlement burned.”

These were the songs of their own native isle, sung so sweetly and pathetically by her that it touched a tender chord in their hearts. Jim Daily, in a sobbing voice, said: “Oh, what a fool and a wretch liquor makes of any one.” At that Mr. Murphy stood up, raising his hand towards Heaven, and said, with the help of God, he had taken his last drink of liquor or anything else that would harm him or be the cause of his doing harm to others, and after this he would be a better man than he had ever been before in his life.

Then Mary told them the story of the Prodigal Son, how he came to his father, hun-



gry, dirty and ragged, and with open arms his father received him, and gave him the best he had to give, and that was the way they should come to their Heavenly Father and He would receive them and forgive them all their sins, remembering them no more. Mary told them He was not a dead Jesus; though He died for our sins He arose again for our justification. Then she begged them with tears in her eyes to get down on their knees and make a complete surrender to God, confessing their sins in the silence of their heart, and if they had ever harmed anybody in thought, word, or action, to do all they could to right that wrong and He would forgive them. While they were on their knees, crying and praying, Mary sang in a sweet, low voice:

“Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, hear my humble  
cry,

While on others Thou art shining, do not pass me  
by.”

Mr. Murphy cried aloud to God for mercy and forgiveness, while yet on his knees, and the rest sobbed like children. Mary prayed aloud to God to have mercy on them and take



away the dreadful craving for liquor and deliver them from the chains of sin that held them so tight. Mike Hurley said: "Yes, Lord, forgive us our sins, for Jesus' sake." Jim Daily, while yet on his knees, prayed to their Heavenly Father for forgiveness and deliverance, asking Mary if she thought He could forgive such a wretch as him. At that Mary sang before they arose from their knees:

"Arise and shine, thy light has come,  
The Lord hath made thee free;  
The chains of darkness bind no more,  
Go forth in liberty."

That night, before the men went home, they told Mr. Murphy they didn't think they would work the next afternoon, as it was Saturday, and they would like to come down to the house and hear Mary read the Bible and sing and pray for them again, for they never felt happier in all their lives than they did now. Each one of them gave Mary some money to buy a Bible for him. As Mary didn't have to go to school the next day, she and Mrs. Murphy hurried up with the work, and Mr. Murphy slipped down to Billy Ford's saloon, to ask



him if he wouldn't like to come down to the house awhile in the afternoon, that the gang, as they were called, were going to be there. Ford wondered what all that meant; Murphy himself looking so very respectable and clean, and knowing when the boys didn't work on Saturday they always spent their time and money at his place, asking Mr. Murphy if they were going to have a christening down there. Mr. Murphy told him as long as he was invited, it was his privilege to come and see for himself. As Mr. Murphy was going out the door, Ford asked him to come and have a drink. He refused for the first time and in a gentlemanly way, which was a great surprise to Ford. He told him he had taken his last drink in that kind of a place, with the help of God, except it be a drink of water. Ford told Mr. Murphy that he would be down by all means, believing it would give him a good chance to get them all back with him again.

When Ford came into the house, they were all there, and in place of drinking to the



health of a newly-arrived baby, they were praising God for their new-born souls, and life from sin. While Mary was entertaining them with prayer and song, Mrs. Murphy was getting a good supper for them, so they would stay all the evening. When supper was ready, Ford was no more anxious to go than the rest. When they all sat down to eat, Mr. Murphy looked at Mary, and not forgetting the four or five years that had passed, when she, poor child, was waiting for the blessing to be asked, he said, "Mary, my girl," and his voice trembled, "God bless you, and will you ask the blessing now?" She asked God's blessing on the material food and in a loud, clear voice, she asked Him to bless them and comfort them in all they might do, and give them bountifully of spiritual food, and that it might be to His honor and glory, in Jesus' name, when they all responded "Amen!" Billy Ford being the loudest with his amen.

Billy Ford was born among the hills of New Hampshire. His parents, whom he had not seen for many years, having left them when



but a boy of sixteen, were good Christian people. The last thing his mother did was to give him a Bible, telling him she hoped he would always live up to its teachings, and he would never do wrong. For years Ford had lived a very bad life, being separated from his wife and children. His viciousness was the direct cause of breaking up many another home besides his own.

After supper, Mary said: "Now listen to God's promise: 'Come, now, let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' "

As soon as she finished reading the Bible, Ford laid his hand upon the beautiful girl's head, and said: "Well, my girl, your prayers and pleadings this afternoon have brought me back to God's love and recollections of my boyhood days, and with the help of my Heavenly Father, I will serve and honor Him as long as I live, and do all I can to bring others back to be good husbands, sons and brothers."











He then asked them all to come down to his place and bring their Bibles with them.

As soon as they went in he said to the men, "Come, help me to throw out this cursed stuff that has been the cause of so much sin and sorrow in the world," and in place of the usual Saturday night dance that was the cause of leading so many young men and women to hell, they would have a prayer-meeting. He asked Mary to open the meeting. She opened it by singing, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." After the singing, Billy Ford asked God to have mercy on them and all sinners, and bring them back to the throne of grace. Mary asked many of them how long it had been since they heard from their dear old mothers, and if they were alive, to recall the days of their childhood, when they prayed, at their mother's knee. She told them that if they were willing to give up sin and accept Christ as their Saviour, He was willing to forgive them and take them back into His great heart of hearts. Many are the lost sheep that came back to their Shepherd that night, and in less than a



week there was a nice little wife and four children who returned to their father and husband, that sin had once robbed them of, and in place of it being the corner saloon, it is now the corner grocery store, kept by William Ford, a good Christian man, with his lovely wife and little family, all serving God and doing all in their power to win souls for the Master, while Mike Hurley returned to Detroit and married his old sweetheart, a good Christian girl, and the love of his early boyhood. James Daily stuck to his old job on the wharf, loading and unloading boats during the day, and doing all he could to save souls at night

After Mr. Murphy's old boss saw that he was a truly converted man, and had been the cause of converting so many others, he procured a fine position for him down in Albany, with the company. The only regret the Murphys had was in leaving Mary, after all she had suffered to make respectable people of them. She told them not to worry, for the same God that cared for her in the past would care for her in the future, and she could see now



why she was deprived of her home and parents.

That night Mary prayed fervently to her Heavenly Father as to where she would make her next home. She never tried to seek great things for herself, but her greatest aim in life was to make others happy, and to glorify God.

The next morning many of the Murphys' old friends and neighbors called to bid them good-bye. Among the rest was dear old Hiram Gray, the sexton of the little Presbyterian church not far from there, and his dear, good, little wife, who always loved Mary since she first saw her, and asked her if she would like to share their home for the few remaining months she had to finish her schooling. She was satisfied that it was in answer to her prayer, and gladly accepted the kind offer. She thanked her Heavenly Father for His unspeakable love, and asked Him to put it in her way to help those poor old people along, for all the means they had to live on was a small pension that he got for serving in the



War of 1812, and what he earned from the church, and that was very little, as the congregation was poor.

The Grays were very respectable people and had seen better days. Uncle Hiram, as all his friends called him, and his dear little wife, Aunt Sally, were distant relations, coming from good old colonial stock. Aunt Sally's grandmother Taylor, using her homespun red petticoat for a flag, was one of the first women to wave and cheer for Washington, as he was crossing the Delaware.

Uncle Hiram and Aunt Sally were raised on neighboring farms, in Newcastle on the Delaware, and commenced their married life on a little farm a few miles from there.

When the War of 1812 broke out and Governor Snyder of Pennsylvania sent out a call for troops to repel the invasion of the British, Uncle Hiram was one of the first to respond to go forth to meet the enemy, leaving his wife to do what their mothers did before them, when their fathers went forth to fight for America's independence; they left their wives



fighting the battles at home, while the husbands fought the foe on the battle-field.

Those were very trying times for Aunt Sally, she having to work on the farm during the day, and at night, by the light of a candle or a tallow dip, while her little ones were sleeping, she carded or spun the wool for their clothes, as well as some to sell, in order that she could care for her family until her soldier husband returned to them again.

At the battle of Lundy's Lane, Uncle Hiram was wounded, and lay sick for a long time. At last they had to mortgage the little farm for which they had worked so hard. As time went on and money became very scarce and they could not meet the interest, the rich broker had no mercy for the poor wounded soldier or his family. They pleaded with him for lenience; but all in vain. At last the day came when they had to say good-bye to dear relatives and loving friends, and take a last look at the little home they loved so well and commenced their married life in; but the saddest spot of all to part from was the little



corner in the front yard under the shade of the spreading hemlock tree, it being the grave of their baby, Mary, who was the pride of their heart and sunshine of the little log house.

After they moved over to New York, Uncle Hiram procured a position with the Northern Fur Company. On account of his crippled condition, his salary was not very large. Aunt Sally, the faithful little wife, helped along by knitting stockings and patching quilts, looking forward to the day when their only child, Phil, would be a man and help them. But before he had grown to manhood dissipation came into his life, and rather than disgrace his parents, he bade them farewell never to return. The only reminder they had of him was a picture of a blue-eyed boy, taken when he was small. This hung in the parlor on the wall of their humble little cottage. It was often looked at with tearful eyes and prayerful hearts, wishing that they might see or hear again from their long lost boy before they died.

The next morning Mary started very early



for school, stopping in at Professor Graham's residence, to tell them all about her new home, very much to their displeasure, as they had looked forward to the time when she would leave the Murphys, and hoped that she would make her home with them. She told them that they did not need her help as God had blessed them with plenty, and dear old Uncle Hiram and Aunt Sally had nobody to love or care for them, and she felt that it was the will of God that she should do so.

Mary told the Professor that if she could get a room to be used during the evenings, she thought she could get a few scholars, and in that way she could help the old folks and herself along until she finished her schooling. The Grahams admired Mary's beautiful, Christian spirit very much. The Professor told her she could have the largest room in school, and he hoped that she could get the scholars.

After school that afternoon, the poor girl hastened over to the Hoboken docks, where James Daily worked, praying all the way that



she might be able to get a dozen or more scholars. The meeting between Mary and Daily was a very happy one, for he looked upon her as his guardian angel. She told him that she was trying to get up an evening class so that she could earn a little money and she thought maybe he could help her. He said it would be the joy of his heart to do so, also to come himself, as he had no educational advantages in his youth, as his parents, who still lived in Ireland, were very poor. Every evening Mary opened her school with prayer and song, asking Him to fill them with the wisdom of the Holy Ghost, and strengthen her in teaching them. After the first week she taught, it gave her great pleasure to take home her week's earnings, it being the first money she ever received for services, handing it immediately to Aunt Sally, and telling her she must no longer strain her eyes to sew or knit for any one, as God had sent her to be their Mary now, in place of the little one the angels had taken home many years ago. She kissed the tears away, saying all she wanted now of



them in their old age was to praise God and be happy, for He had made her happy in doing for them. That night they thanked their Heavenly Father for sending that lovely girl into their lives, in their feebleness and old age. Mary joined them in prayer for their unfortunate son, praying that they might hear from him again. The old folks saw how happy she was, and did not want to tell her the bad news until after Sunday, that Uncle Hiram had lost his place as sexton of the church because the congregation was too poor to pay him. Though Mary had to work very hard to support her little family, attending school herself during the day, and teaching in the evening, she thanked God for every care, knowing that all things work together for good to those that love the Lord. Monday evening when school opened, Mary was glad to see so many new scholars, wondering how she could teach them all and do justice to each. While they were singing the opening hymn, the door opened quietly, and, greatly to her surprise and pleasure, it was Professor Graham, his wife



and son, the young lawyer, it being the first time Mary had seen him since he got back from college, though she had often heard of him.



## CHAPTER II

## LITTLE PHIL

Professor Graham told Mary he really thought she ought to have an assistant by this time, and he knew that Spencer would consider himself highly favored to be that one. Spencer's mother smiled and told Mary she knew the only pay he wanted was seeing her home, and giving her a brother's protection, as well as keeping himself out of mischief, Mrs. Graham noticing that Mary looked paler than usual, and was sure it was on account of her hard work and great responsibility, caring for others and not thinking of herself. As long as she could not persuade the dear girl to accept a home with them, the only thing she could do was to help her teach. They came two evenings in the week, Spencer coming every evening, knowing it would be the only way they could help her for the few months that she would teach the school and graduate herself. There was only one evening in the week that



Mary was alone with her scholars, and that was Saturday, to teach them what the Grahams did not care to teach, the Bible, though they were excellent people and members of the church. The Bible was the dearest book of all to Mary, and before she left she had convinced her entire class of its precious truths and power to save sinners. These were very happy lessons for her to teach, as they were all young men, and had lived sinful lives. She taught them there was no better policy than to give their hearts to Jesus, and take Him as their Saviour, Master and Friend, telling them to ask Him to come into their hearts and make them pure and sweet and strong. She taught them to follow in His footsteps, of self-sacrifice for others, and to put themselves into a position where they could please and glorify Him best, and that prayer and waiting on their Heavenly Father would untie the hardest kind of a knot, and unravel the greatest difficulty. She told them the atoning blood of the Son of God was all-sufficient to cover their sins when they had confessed to Him and surrendered all.



Spencer never came to Mary's Bible class or prayer-meeting, though he was always waiting downstairs to see her home, and bring her some luscious fruit for Sunday. Saturday evening, as Mary and Spencer were coming out of the school-house, Mary noticed by the light of the street lamp a black object crouched down under the old oak tree, that shaded the school-yard near the gate. Thinking it might be a homeless, hungry dog that she could coax home and feed, greatly to her surprise it was a homeless, hungry child sleeping there. She awoke the little fellow, and he commenced to cry and beg her to let him stay there all night, telling her he had no place else to sleep, and he could not find his grandparents anywhere, and the boys down on the wharf beat him and chased him away, because he would not steal ropes and other things from the boats. The poor little fellow was scared almost to death, putting his little hands up to Mary, and telling her he was not a bad boy, and begging her not to give him to the cop, or put him in the asylum, as he had run away from one in



Detroit. That touched the poor girl's heart, thinking that was poor Harold's fate, and knowing it would have been her own, if she had not gotten out the way she did. She told the little fellow he must come home with her now, where he would have a good clean bed and plenty to eat, telling him with tears in her eyes that once she had two little brothers and God took one and a bad man robbed her of the other. Spencer was very indignant at Mary for bothering with the little urchin, as he called him, and told her she had better look out more for herself, and not work so hard for others. Mary told him there was no want where one served God, for wherever He guided her and whatever He gave her to do, no one could prevent her from doing it, for she knew that Jesus was with her and nothing could she lack, and she preferred to please God rather than man. For Jesus said, "Whosoever shall receive such a little one in my name receiveth me." Spencer did not speak a word to Mary all the way home, for he was so angry with her for what she did, but she went on her way



praying and rejoicing, and happier than if she found the greatest jewels of the sea, or had the millions of treasure lying idle in the Bank of England.

As the little fellow was too dirty to take through Aunt Sally's clean house, Mary took him around to the woodshed, that was attached to the kitchen, and calling to Aunt Sally and Uncle Hiram to come quick and see her little escort, and not to ask him any questions until he was washed and fed. She told Aunt Sally to hurry up and put a boiler of water on the stove while she hurried Uncle Hiram off to the apothecary shop to get a fine-toothed comb, and some blue ointment. It being Saturday night, Mary had her week's wages. Fearing that the stores would be all closed, she gave the little fellow a big piece of fresh bread and butter with sugar on it, while Aunt Sally hunted for the tape measure that she had used many a time to measure cloth down on the old farm, after she wove it for the market. The little fellow was dreadfully scared, when Mary commenced to take his measure for clothes and



boots, but Aunt Sally told him not to worry, that no harm would come to him now, that Mary was going to buy him some clothes. Just as the poor girl got to Markes' clothing store, he had just commenced to put up the shutters. Mary told him she must get some clothes for a little boy that she found that evening, as tomorrow was Sunday, and he didn't have anything to put on, for she would be obliged to burn his old ones. Markes was only too glad to make another sale, if he had to get out of bed to do it. Though Mary was trying to save up a little money for a new pair of gloves and shoes for herself, as she needed them very badly, but they were all forgotten, when she thought of the little ragged fellow waiting for her in the woodshed, to be fed and clothed as soon as she got home with the clothes, and a pair of red-topped boots and a bootjack that Markes threw in in the bargain. When the little fellow saw them, he commenced to laugh and cry at the same time. Though poor Mary was very tired from her week's hard work, still she was very happy in finding the little fellow



and having money to buy clothes for him, and enough left to feed them all for another week. She hurried to change her dress before she washed him, as it was the only good one she had to wear for school and Sunday. While Aunt Sally held the candle, Mary stripped him, putting him in the tub of good warm water and using some of Aunt Sally's nice home-made soap. She scrubbed his head and body well. After rinsing him with clean warm water, Uncle Hiram brought an old clean sheet and Mary wrapped him in it. After he was dried and his hair was combed, she was startled by his resemblance to Aunt Sally, and the picture of their son that hung in the humble little parlor, on the wall. She kept silent and watched the old folks looking at him with tears streaming down their old withered cheeks. Not a word was spoken by any one until he finished his supper that Mary had toiled so hard to provide. After supper she put one of Aunt Sally's night-gowns on him, and wrapped him in her old blanket shawl, then they all went into the little parlor, Mary



fixing all three of them on the high-backed black hair sofa with the little fellow in the middle, while she sat in the old cane rocker before them

She asked him what his name was and where he came from, and who his parents were. He told her he never had any parents, and she asked him where his mother was. He told her he never had any mother, and that he and his father used to live at Sarney, in Canada, and his papa got drunk most all the time, and was drowned from a boat. After that, Pat Maloney, a friend of his papa's, put him in an orphan asylum in Detroit and because they licked him, and didn't give him hardly anything to eat, he ran away the first chance he got, and his papa always told him if he ever got any money to buy some good clothes and look like a respectable man, he would take him down to New York with him to see his grand-parents.

Mary asked him how he got up to New York. He told her he got on a boat and the captain was a good man and knew his papa, and took



him as far as Buffalo, then he gave him to a conductor of the New York Central, and he brought him to New York.

She asked him what his name was. He said his name was Phil. She asked him what his other name was. He told her his whole name was Philip Hiram Gray, after his papa. Mary put her arms around him, hugging and kissing him good, and said: "God bless you, and welcome you to our home, little Phil. It is yours now, and here are grandpa and grandma, and a big sister, too." Poor Aunt Sally fainted, and Uncle Hiram could not speak for grief or joy.

When the old folks got over their dreadful surprise little Phil stood by them, looking first at one and then the other, and though he was only eight or nine years old, he took in the whole situation and hugged and kissed them all. After that Mary called them grandma and grandpa, so that little Phil would become accustomed to the name and call it to them freely.

There were four very happy hearts and souls



in that little cottage that night. The next morning there was a proud grandpa with a handsome, well-dressed little grandson holding him by the hand, going to church. The excitement was too much for poor Aunt Sally, and Mary had to stay home and take care of her.

That evening Spencer did not have the pleasure of meeting Mary at church or seeing her home, which was a great disappointment to him, especially on account of the little quarrel the evening previous.

The news of finding little Phil spread through the neighborhood like wildfire, and the neighbors and many of the church members came to the little home to bless Mary and rejoice with the old folks for an answered prayer.

The next morning when Mary went to school, she brought her little escort with her, introducing him to Professor Graham, and many in her room. That evening after school, Professor and Mrs. Graham called to congratulate the old folks on having such a handsome



little grandson, for they had known the old folks for many years and remembered their son when he was like little Phil, and also when he became a young man, before dissipation had ruined him.

As soon as the Grahams got the chance, they asked Mary if she expected to support them all now out of her small earnings, telling her they thought it would be impossible for her to do so, and if she tried she would only break down.

Mary told them she trusted God for strength, and He had never failed her, and she knew He wouldn't fail her now. As it was very near vacation, Mary taught little Phil at home, for it was not worth while to send him to school for such a short time, and the old folks wanted to see as much of him as possible, and talk to him about his unfortunate father.

Mary's pupils increased so that she had all that she was able to take care of, and in that way had plenty of means to provide for her little family. The last days of school were near at hand, and all the girls' mothers were



making great preparation for their daughters' graduations, one mother trying to outdo the other in having the prettiest dress and ribbons for her daughter. There was one dear pretty girl without a mother's loving care or busy hands to prepare for her, and that was Mary Russell.

Mrs. Graham was very anxious to give Mary her graduating dress, but in a choking voice Mary thanked her, saying she knew God would bless her for her good will and kind thought, but she preferred to wear the little white dress that she earned so hard herself, though it was poor and plain.

The next morning as Mary was going to the dry goods store to buy a piece of lace for the neck of her dress, and thinking of her dear dead parents, and wondering where her dear brother Harold was, when near the Astor House she stepped upon something, and picking it up, she found it to be an old-fashioned leather pocket-book of the best material. Putting it quickly into her pocket, and hastening on to do her shopping, as soon as she



returned home she went directly to her little room. On opening it she found a fifty-pound note on the Bank of England, and two English sovereigns, also a small gold locket, with the chain ring broken off; on one side was a lock of auburn hair, and on the other side was the picture of a beautiful young girl, about sixteen or seventeen years old, and a receipt for a board bill that was paid the day before at the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia.

The picture in the locket and the name on the receipted bill startled Mary beyond utterance, it being Jerome Maxwell. Mary hurried back to the Astor House, thinking as she found the purse so very near it, that the owner might be stopping there. As she looked over the register, there was the name, Jerome Maxwell, of London, England.

Asking the clerk if he was in the house at the present time, she was told he had left only two hours previous for the steamer. Mary ran quickly to the Hoboken dock, knowing sometimes the steamers were late in getting out to sea. Just as the poor girl approached, she saw



the Great Northern passing the government pier.

All that day the picture in the locket and the name on the receipt haunted her, the picture resembling her own mother and the name Maxwell, she wondered who it could be. Knowing her mother never had any brothers or sisters and that her grandfather Maxwell was dead, and the only relative that she had in the old country, besides her father's old uncle, that she knew of, and was not sure that he was alive, was her mother's uncle, Thomas Maxwell of Liverpool, and his son, but she didn't know what his name was.

The poor girl had to hurry back to get ready for the closing exercises of the afternoon, as they were to be held from the stage of the Old Wallace Theatre, it being the largest class that ever graduated from the high school. Some of the most prominent people of the city were invited, and many of the leading singers of the grand Italian Opera that was in the city at the time.

The long-looked-for day had come at last,



and many is the boy and girl would say good-bye to school-days and school-mates forever, some of them not having to think of what the future would have in store for them.

Not so with Mary; always trying to think and do for the happiness of others more than herself, she was glad that day had come.

All the scholars tried to look their best, especially the girls, and it was a great secret who was to give the farewell oration on that special occasion, as there were so many high officials invited. The scholars all inquired among themselves, but no one considered it worth while to ask Mary if she knew. Of course they never considered her in anything, because she was poor and friendless. The only thing they noticed about her was her plain white dress, and with a shrug of their shoulders and a sneer, they asked her if that was the best dress she had. She told them it was, and she was thankful to God for that. They turned away from her, and looked at each other with a smile.

As the girls came forward to perform their



parts, with the smile of loving parents and friends to encourage them, it was not so with Mary, poor girl. Though she was the last to take part, she stepped to the front with the dignity and grace of a young queen, giving the farewell oration and winning the handsome Beckfort medal, to the great surprise of all in the room.

Many of the young ladies played and sang. None of them had the slightest idea that Mary had any such accomplishments. When Professor Graham led her to the piano, she sang in a clear soprano voice, "Sweet Spirit, Hear My Prayer."

Before any one had time to say a word, the great Italian baritone that belonged to the Opera Company, said in his broken English: "Oh, sweet, pretty girl, sing again." At last Professor Graham stepped to her side, hardly able to control his feelings, and said: "Do, Mary, my child, sing again." She then sang "The Last Rose of Summer." There was hardly a dry eye in the room when she finished.

Mrs. Graham was the first to embrace and



kiss her with all the affection of a fond mother, and Spencer was one of the proudest and happiest in the room, presenting her with a beautiful bouquet of roses and a little book, entitled, "The Lady of the Lake."

When the girls saw the great attention and honor Mary received from every one of note, and especially the young and handsome lawyer Graham, they were very much ashamed of themselves for the way they had always treated her, and how kind and sweet she had been to them in return, for she pitied their worldliness and vanity.

Miss Bentley, one of the girls in her class, who had wounded her feelings many a time by trying to make her feel her humble position, was giving a party that evening for the class, and they were all invited except Mary, having received invitations some time previous.

After the exercises were over, and they saw that Mary was queen of the occasion, they were all very anxious to have the honor of her company to the party, Miss Bentley inviting her to join them that evening.



Mary thanked her most kindly, which brought a blush to Miss Bentley's face, knowing that Mary could see through her and her shallow-minded friends, and knew what was proper on such an occasion

She told her that she was going to be the guest of the Grahams that evening and had been invited some time previous. The girls were quite surprised, as the Graham's party would be the largest and most fashionable one of the evening.

Before the company and class dispersed, Professor Graham stepped to the front of the platform, to say that Miss Russell had a few words she would like to say to her schoolmates and class before they took their departure. Though she had never been treated kindly by them, with a trembling voice and tears in her beautiful brown eyes, she bade them an affectionate farewell, saying that she might never see them again, and if sorrow ever crossed their paths, as it had hers, to trust in God and press on, and He would help them, and reward them, for recognizing Him in all things, and



helping themselves; and if they took care of their character, God would protect their reputation.

That night after Mary returned from the Graham party, before retiring, she wrote to Jerome Maxwell, at London, telling him how she had found a purse, supposedly his, and that she was the grandchild of Squire Jerome Maxwell of London, deceased. She also told him that she was an orphan earning her living and alone among strangers. She also wished to know if he was any kin to her, or could send her any information in regard to any other Maxwells, and as soon as she heard from him it would give her pleasure, she said, to return his money and other papers. Many a tear the poor girl shed while writing that letter, for the picture of the pretty auburn-haired girl, that looked so much like her own mother, was open on the table before her. It brought back the remembrance of the past, and wondering if she would ever see old England again or any one belonging to her. She never made a confidant of any one, after her mother's death, not even



the Murphys or the Grahams, in regard to who she was or what she had ever had, fearing people might think she was bragging, if she told them, and such a thing as that was very much beneath her. Though many a time she was insulted and abused on account of her helplessness and poverty, she trusted to God and bore it all patiently and was kind to everybody and everything, even poor horses and dogs. If she had nothing to give them to eat, she gave them kind words and a gentle pat on the head, saying that the same God that created her created them.

After Mary's school days were over, the poor girl was quite broken down from the trials of nearly six years, without parents and robbed of all she loved dearly. No one had any idea what she suffered but God alone, for she kept all her sorrows to herself, looking forward to her eighteenth birthday, when, as a young woman, with many good friends that God had provided for her, she would expose a rascal, and claim her rights without fear of any one, for she knew that God was with her through



all those years, and no one could harm her. She would then let Mavor know where the valuable papers were that he was so anxious about when her darling mother was dying.

After she put the finishing touch to the frill of Aunt Sally's Sunday cap, she started for the post-office, and as she was crossing Fifth Avenue, she was knocked down by a very spirited horse, with gold-mounted harness, and fawn-colored reins, attached to a beautiful dog-cart, the occupants being J. W. Howard and son, wealthy Wall Street brokers, who were just returning from Delmonico's, where they had lunched. The horse was driven by Chester, the son.

Immediately the crowd rushed to the horse's head, and before it had a chance to drag the cart over her body they stopped it, telling the occupants they ought to be ashamed of themselves to drive like that in a crowded thoroughfare. A young gentleman ran quickly and rescued Mary from her perilous position, while the crowd gathered around the poor unconscious girl covered with mud, and bleeding



from the nose, and did all they could to revive her. While Chester and his father ordered a dray to take her to the hospital, saying they supposed she was some poor unfortunate under the influence of liquor, or else she would have seen the horse in time.

At that Mary opened her eyes, and asked God for patience and strength to bear such a dreadful insult. Looking the young man straight in the face, she told him she might be unfortunate, but not in the way that he meant, and she certainly was not drunk, and thanked them for their kindness in ordering the dray. At that, the crowd cheered Mary's words.

Jerry Sullivan, a poor cabman, who stood looking on and listening to the heartless words of the rich man, said: "By gob, you'll not go to the hospital, me poor girl, on a dray, while Jerry Sullivan has a cab," adding it wasn't much that he could do for anybody as he was very poor himself, but the little he could do he was glad to do it, saying, "May God help the poor."

Mary looked at him and said God would



help the poor if they trutsed Him, for Christ was poor, when on this earth, and poverty was no disgrace.

At those words, men in the crowd took off their hats and bowed their heads in silence, while the fashionable and wealthy Wall Street broker and his son drove to their beautiful Madison Avenue mansion, very much ashamed of themselves and wondering who that poor young girl could be, that spoke so beautifully about God's love, under such trying circumstances, feeling they had made a great mistake in what they said, in ordering the dray and judging her character.

Though Mary was very feeble, she thanked the crowd and asked her Heavenly Father to bless them for the help they gave her.

As soon as Jerry Sullivan arrived at the hospital, he tied his horse to the hitching-post, and on opening the door, to help Mary out, he saw she was in a dead faint, and her clothes covered with blood. He ran quickly into the hospital for help. As soon as she was carried in and revived, she recognized a very familiar,



kind face bending over her. It was Doctor Gordon, one of the visiting physicians of the staff and a brother of Mrs. Graham. He and his wife were great friends of hers, and not having any children themselves, were among the many that would have been glad to give her a home, and a child's place in their heart, when she was with the Murphys, knowing how much good she had done to make others happy and save souls, for one so young. The doctor said, "Mary, this is a very sad thing to happen to you." Her answer was, "God knows best, and though He slay me, still will I love and trust Him."

The doctor had her taken to the prettiest private room in the house, furnished with a little white bedstead and blue trimmings, with dainty white valance, and everything corresponding, to make the sick-room look cheerful. It took her back to her childhood home across the sea.

Mary told the doctor she had no money to pay for such luxury, as she thought her arm was only sprained, and if he would kindly



bandage it for her she would go right home. The doctor ordered the nurse to hurry and take her clothes off and he would be right back. Just as soon as he examined her arm, he found it was broken, and asked her all about it and how it happened. As soon as he heard the poor girl's story, his heart ached for her. Looking at her pretty smiling face, with the greatest surprise, he asked her if she wasn't hurt elsewhere. She told him her side hurt a little, but she didn't mind that.

As soon as the doctor examined her side, he found a deep gash in it, and two fractured ribs, where the horse's hoof must have struck her. He told her now that she must be content to stay in the hospital for a while, as she was hurt a great deal worse than she had any idea, and everything possible would be done for her comfort and pleasure.

When the poor girl heard this, she cried bitterly, telling the doctor she could not afford to stay in the hospital, as she had her night-school to teach, and her dear little family to look after, that she could carry her arm in a



sling at home, and aches and pains were something she had gotten used to.

Without Mary's knowledge, he sent right off for the Grahams, telling them to come to the hospital at once, that Mary was there, and she was very badly hurt. He told her that it would be necessary for him to give her chloroform in order to set her arm. She said, "All right, doctor; I put my trust in God, and I know He will guide you to do what is best for me."

While she was under the influence of the drug, she sang these words:

"He is my shield and strength, I love His Holy Name."

The doctor and the nurse looked at each other, speechless, and wondered at the faith and love she had for God in all her suffering, whether sleeping or waking.

Professor and Mrs. Graham arrived at the hospital before the doctor had finished caring for her wounds, and were waiting in the parlor with sad and anxious hearts to hear all about it. As soon as the doctor was through, he told



the nurse to give Mary a glass of lemonade, and he went downstairs to see the Grahams. After he had talked with them awhile and told them all about it, he took them upstairs to see her. Mary smiled, telling them she thought she would have to take a vacation. They told her that she must be content to stay in the hospital, and they hoped she would be as good a patient now as she was a scholar. Though they did not want her to have broken bones, they wanted her to have a good rest, knowing she would have the best of care, and they would see the old folks and tell them not to worry about her, but Mary made them promise to tell them right off as they would be looking for her, and to have them all come to the hospital in the morning to see her, for she would be very unhappy if she didn't see them as soon as possible, knowing they too would be unhappy.

Before Mrs. Graham left, in a whisper, she told Mary she could expect Spencer up right off, for he was downstairs at the present time, and she must get over all her little foolishness.



Our readers will remember there was a lover's quarrel on account of little Phil; on Mary's part it had really never been made up, so it took a broken arm to mend a broken heart. In a short time lawyer Graham was announced. His uncle, Doctor Gordon, with a smile in the corner of his mouth, told the house physician this was his nephew, young lawyer Graham, and Miss Russell was his first and special client, after he got home from college, and he supposed it would be necessary for him to see her every day.

The next morning, as soon as the old folks and little Phil saw Mary, they broke down and commenced to cry. She told them not to worry, for accidents would happen to the best of people, and why should it not happen to her? That there was enough money to care for them in the house for a while, and now that she wouldn't need that new dress that she had been saving up for so long, the money could be used for the rent, as soon as it was due, and she knew before that was gone God would provide more.



Poor old Uncle Hiram with his back turned to her was wiping the tears on his coat sleeve, thinking she did not see him, while little Phil was loving and kissing her on the forehead, and telling her how sorry everybody was for her, and that the house was full of people last night, and he guessed something was going to be done with the bad man whose horse ran over her, and that he was going to be a good boy, and get a job, selling papers like other boys to help grandpa along, and he was going to get a job too. At that Aunt Sally said, "Hush, hush, and come away from Mary. You are just like your grandpa, telling everything you know."

Mary called Uncle Hiram over to the bed, taking hold of his poor old withered hand, and holding it to her cheek. She said, "Uncle Hiram, do you love me?"

He could not answer those words, with grief; and tears flowing down his old withered cheek, he nodded his old gray head, and Aunt Sally put her arms around the dear girl, and said, "Mary, my darling, our love, and earthly pro-



tector, you know we love you with all the power that God could give to a human heart." At that little Phil spoke up and said he loved her, too, and Bruno and the black cat loved her, and they wanted to come along with them. Mary told them they must get all that nonsense out of their heads, about work, for if they did not she would not stay in the hospital another day, telling them to go home, and thank God for the little they had and that she knew it was very dark at present for them all, but told them to cheer up, for every sorrow hath its balm, and no cross endured forever, for their Heavenly Father did all things for the best, and she was not going to let her little star of hope grow dim or disappear now on account of a broken arm, and a few fractured bones.

She told little Phil the work she wanted him to do was to be a good boy, and mind grandpa and grandma in everything they told him, and study his lessons and look neat and tidy. She told the old folks if they wanted to make her happy, they must be happy and cheerful too, and not do unnecessary and foolish things,



and with the help of God, she would soon be home with them again.

That evening, about nine o'clock, there was a very fashionably dressed young man called at the hospital, and asked if there was a girl there that was brought in about one or two o'clock the day before, who had met with an accident on account of her own carelessness, not looking where she was going, but ran under the horses' feet. The fright was the cause of making his father sick. The doctor told him that Miss Russell was there, he supposed that she was who he meant, and that she was very badly hurt, and the spectators said she was dreadfully insulted too, and if the horse had not been going as if he was running away, it might not have happened, telling him she was a beautiful girl and had many loving friends to care for her, who felt the accident and insult very keenly.

The young man wanted to know who her friends were and where they lived. The doctor told him if he called in the morning when they were there, he could ask them, and with a look



of contempt and a sarcastic smile, Doctor Benson, the house physician, said good-night, leaving the swell standing there.

It did not take him long to get out, and go home to tell the news.

Though Mary slept well that night, considering, that was more than the head of the Howard household did. The next morning, both father and son called at the hospital, with a very anxious look, for what the doctor said stung them to the very heart. They asked how Miss Russell was, and if there was anything they could do for her comfort. The elder Mr. Howard said it was his duty to do it, and he hoped they would have an opportunity to see her as soon as possible and apologize for their words and conduct, saying on account of the dreadful accident, they didn't know what they were saying.

As they were talking to the doctor, Professor Graham and his wife came in. As Mr. Howard and the professor were old college friends, though they hadn't met for years, the doctor knew there was no need of an introduction. The



doctor excused himself and withdrew from the room to look after his patient, leaving the Grahams and the Howards alone.

In a short time the doctor sent down word that Miss Russell was ready to receive them, and just as soon as she was able to be up and dressed, she would be pleased to see Mr. Howard, and to tell him he must not worry over what happened, as it might have been very much worse. When the Howards heard what a beautiful girl she was, they were humiliated beyond description, and the first visit they made was to Mary's home to tell the old folks how sorry they were and to see what they could do for them.

Just as soon as Uncle Hiram saw the man that was the cause of almost crushing their darling girl's life out, he immediately recognized in him, the man that was the cause of crushing his heart many years ago, when he closed the mortgage on his little farm down in Delaware, where their little girl was buried.

The two men looked at each other for a second or two, Mr. Howard extending his hand



to Uncle Hiram, and saying, "This is not such a large world after all."

He then commenced to talk about Mary, telling Uncle Hiram that he had met the Grahams at the hospital, and they told him what a lovely girl she was, and how she was caring for them, and now that she was disabled on account of his carelessness, he wanted to do what he could for them, in her place, handing Uncle Hiram twenty dollars, and saying that he would be around in a few days to see them again.



## CHAPTER III

## SPENCER IS FORGIVEN

Uncle Hiram handed the money back to him, telling him they did not need it, and their lovely Mary would not like to have them take it from him or anybody else, but he would be welcome to come and see her when she came home, that is, if he did not see her at the hospital before that time.

Mary's wounds healed rapidly, for she had the best of care. The only ones allowed to see her were her little family and the Grahams. The next afternoon when Spencer came, Mary asked him if he would call at the post-office in



passing to or from his office, as she was expecting a letter from the old country. He told her it would make him very happy to do anything on earth for her, and he had not slept all night, thinking of her, and was very sorry for the way he acted the night she found little Phil, asking her if she had fully forgiven him, for he knew she was right, and though they did not see each other every evening to speak, he saw her just the same, and loved her more than ever, for she was his angel and must be his wife, that she was his first love and whole life, and his future happiness was in her hands, and that she must give him some hope before he left the room, and promise to be his wife, telling her she always said if she ever married the man would have to be a Christian. He told her he had promised God upon his knees that if she would be his wife, he would serve Him as long as he lived.

Mary smiled and blushed beneath his gaze, and there was a long silence, Spencer kneeling beside the bed, holding her poor feeble hand to his face, and her eyes were closed at



that moment She was in silent prayer with her God.

On opening her eyes, she said, "Now that you have accepted Christ as your Saviour, if it be His will, I will accept you as my affianced husband."

Spencer kissed Mary's hand again and again, and said, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift and blessing in answering this poor sinner's prayer."

After thanking God he hastened from the room to bear the glad tidings to his parents. As he was going out of the hospital, Doctor Benson called him back, telling him his father and mother were in the parlor, and would like to see him. They met Spencer with outstretched arms, for they had never seen his face so radiant before. His mother kissed him and said, "I know, my boy, God has answered your prayer," and his father said, "God bless you both." His mother told him that Mary was unlike any other girl she had ever seen, so unconscious of her own happiness and so watchful and anxious for others.



Spencer said, "That is true, no wonder I love her, and that is one of the things that has made her so dear to me."

Mrs. Graham went up to congratulate Mary. Knocking gently on the door, and receiving no response, she opened it, stepping silently to the side of the bed, and thinking she was sleeping, she bent down over the pure girl's face, and she looked like a beautiful rosebud just opening its young life to the brilliant rays of the sun. There were tears on her cheeks, as the morning dew on the rose, and her lips moved silently.

Mrs. Graham knew then that she was in prayer. Kissing her cheek, she said, "Now that you are in Spencer's heart, and are going to be our darling daughter very soon, why do you weep?"

But Mary said, "Not until I find Harold or hear from him." Mrs. Graham wondered whom Mary meant by Harold, for she had never heard her mention the name before, and considering it unwise for her to talk about it at the present time, slipped gently from the room.



At that, dear old Doctor Gordon came to make his round, and visiting Mary's room first to congratulate her on being his patient and some time to be his niece. He saw the tears in those beautiful eyes. He asked her what it all meant. Mary told him not to mind her tears, as they were tears of joy and gladness, it being the first time since she lost her home and parents that she felt the right to claim anybody's love and protection.

He told her to cheer up, and if she kept improving, she would be up in a very short time, and long before her birthday or Uncle Hiram's, as he heard how very near together they were. Seeing she was tired and, he thought, anxious to be alone with her own thoughts, he patted her on the head and left the room, giving orders to Doctor Benson that she must be kept very quiet and get more sleep, as he noticed she was very nervous.

After that the old folks and little Phil came with Bruno, he looking very knowing, as much as to say, "I must see Mary, too," but when they heard how she felt, they were satisfied to



go home without seeing her that day. The doctor told them that as they lived such a very short distance from the hospital, he would send them word a couple of times a day, telling them not to worry about her and the fewer she saw the better, until she got a little stronger.

Just before supper, Spencer called again, telling the doctor it was very necessary for him to see her a minute or two, as he had something very important to tell her, and also a letter which she expected from the old country, when she met with the dreadful accident. The doctor told him he must not tell her anything about letters, as she was very nervous now over something, and must be kept quiet, and that the nurse was with her at the present time.

In response to the knock at the door, he was met by the nurse. She stepped out into the hall and told him Miss Russell had been crying, and at the present had a very bad headache. When his uncle saw him, he smilingly asked him what he wanted there again that day. Spencer told him he must speak to Mary a minute. At that, they were left alone.



When Spencer saw her poor little head tied up as well as her arm, it made his heart ache, and on the hand she gave him that morning he slipped a very valuable diamond ring, and whispered, "Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow," and Mary responded, "Amen." Before he left the room she told him whenever he got her English letter he must be sure and open it immediately, for there might be something of very great importance in it, that would have to be attended to right off, and he could read it also to his parents if he wished, as they had always been so good and kind to her, and now they must know all her little secrets, for soon the world would know them, and she thanked God that there was nothing in her life that she was ashamed of.

That night Mary slept very well, and the next morning was bright and happy. Not paying much attention to what the doctor said the day before, her first visitor was little Phil, carrying the little black kitten, and Bruno beside him, wagging his tail. When the doctor saw the distinguished party and the first



caliers of the day, he did not have heart to refuse them, but, shaking all over with laughter, ushered them up to the room himself.

As soon as the nurse opened the door to the gentle response, the first one that greeted Mary was Bruno, leaping on her bed and licking her face and hands. When Mary saw Phil and his dirty face, and the little toes commencing to peek out of the boots, and his hands bleeding and scratched from the kitten, it was too much for her, and she joined the doctor and the nurse in a very hearty laugh, which added greatly to her speedy recovery.

While the nurse washed Phil's face and hands, and combed his hair, Bruno curled down beside Mary on the pillow, and could not be coaxed away. With her well hand she held the black kitten to keep it from running away, and asked Phil why he came to the hospital so dirty, bringing the cat and dog with him, telling him he must hurry and take them home, for she was very much ashamed that the doctor and nurse should see such a dirty boy. He told her the kitten cried so much, and Bruno



kept barking all the time, he guessed they wanted to see her too, and while grandpa was gone to the store, and grandma was doing up the work, he ran away, and they did not know it.

Mary told him she was very glad to see them all, and she would soon be home, and hoped that he had learned to speak a piece for her birthday and grandpa's, which would be in a very short time now.

That evening when Spencer went home, he told his mother he had just come from the hospital, and was the happiest man on earth, that he had given Mary her ring, and gotten the letter she expected from England, but the doctor would not allow him to tell her anything about it at the present. On opening it, he found in it a check for five hundred pounds, and some newspaper clippings, showing that she and her brother had been advertised for by the order of the probate court, as they had been left a large estate in the North of England, by the death of their father's uncle, the Honorable Thomas Toben of Yorkshire, and



Jerome Maxwell, their mother's cousin, not hearing anything from them, got very uneasy and came to America to find them.

The picture in the locket was that of Mary's mother, when she was about sixteen years old, she being her cousin Jerome's first and only love, but on account of the near relationship, and both families being sincere Christians, they were separated, Jerome being sent to Trinity College, and the beautiful Victoria Maxwell, Mary's mother, was sent to the convent of Notre Dame, Paris, where she remained for several years until the death of her mother. After that, she married her father's choice, and never saw her cousin Jerome again. After his college days, so that he would never have to meet her as the wife of another, Jerome Maxwell went to Australia, where he remained until she and her family came to America.

The Grahams were surprised to read this letter, and wondered what it all meant, as they had never heard Mary speak of her brother or friends.

The next morning Spencer and his mother



called at the hospital and found Mary sitting up in the rocking-chair looking very bright and happy.

As soon as they read the contents of the letter to her, and she heard how her brother and she had been advertised for, and there was no response from him, she cried, saying, "O, how can I find my darling brother, so that we together can face this man and claim our own."

Mrs. Graham put her arms around Mary just as she did on her graduating day, and said: "Now, my darling, you have always been brave, and trusted God in everything, and suffered so much for the comfort of others, and God saw and knew it all, don't break down now."

The poor girl for the first time unbosomed her heart, and told them all about Mavor and how he had robbed her, giving Spencer all the papers that Aunt Sally had brought over to her the day before, pertaining to her home and valuables, also to her father's business. which was in Mavor's possession, so that he



and his father could look them over by the time she got better, and they could all start for Philadelphia.

Mary thanked God, saying that her dark cloud commenced to show a little of its silver lining.

Before Spencer and his mother left the hospital Mary signed the check asking Spencer to draw the money and tell the old folks all about the letter and give Aunt Sally one hundred dollars to get anything she needed for herself and the house. She also told Spencer to give Uncle Hiram the price of a good suit of clothes and to see that he got them, for the last time they were all at the hospital, she said, she noticed that their clothes were very shabby. Uncle Hiram's boots were all run down at the heels and broken on the side, and Aunt Sally's best dress was almost worn out. Mary also asked Spencer to remember Jerry Sullivan with a few hundred dollars and tell him that if he ever needed a friend to come to her and as long as she had a dollar he should never want, and



that he would have the pleasure of taking her away from the hospital very soon.

In less than a week Mary insisted on going home, saying that she could carry her arm in a sling at home for a few days as well as there. She said she could help Aunt Sally in a great many ways, as it was so near their birthdays and she had many things to look after. Knowing how anxious they were concerning her and fearing that little Phil was being the master of the house in place of being mastered, judging from his appearance the last time he came to see her with Bruno and the kitten, she was doubly anxious to return home.

A few days before Mary left the hospital Mr. Howard, with his son and daughter, Chester and Addie, called to see her. She looked very sweet and pretty in the little blue wrapper that Mrs. Graham had the pleasure of making for her to wear after she got up. Her beautiful eyes sparkled like diamonds and her auburn hair hung in long ringlets down her back. The doctor escorted her to the parlor, introducing her to them.



Mary greeted them very kindly, and Mr. Howard told her how he regretted the dreadful accident and hoped that she would forgive him for his rudeness to her as it was all done on the impulse of the moment. Mary told him that she felt no ill will toward them.

Chester Howard asked Mary if he could have the pleasure of seeing her home from the hospital. Mary thanked him and said that the pleasure belonged to her friends and the good hearted soul that brought her there, but she would be glad to have them call at any time they cared to when she got home.

Shortly after they left, Uncle Hiram came with her clothes that she was to wear home, telling her that Aunt Sally and little Phil had the house turned upside down, and that they were all up to their eyes in work to make everything look fine before she came home. Aunt Sally and old Granny Hobbs had been making custard pie and sponge cake, Uncle Hiram told her that he had whitewashed the kitchen and fence and there were lots of other things being done, but Aunt Sally would be awfully



mad he said if she knew he told her anything about it, because it was to be a great surprise, and Aunt Sally expected him to keep the secret.

Poor Mary smiled, knowing how Uncle Hiram could keep a secret, and how often dear little Aunt Sally tried in her poor way to give her a little surprise, but Uncle Hiram would find it out and tell it. Mary always acted out the surprise just the same, so as not to get Uncle Hiram into trouble and to make Aunt Sally happy, so she never knew the difference.

A few days after Mary got home, Addie Howard called to take her out riding, also to invite her to dinner with them, which Mary was pleased to accept, not that she cared for their wealth, or what they had in their beautiful home, but so that she could become better acquainted with their souls, and if they were in darkness, she could show them the light.

When Chester came into the house to escort Mary to the carriage, Uncle Hiram, scratching his head, and with a knowing wink in his eye, told him now that his father had run over her,



he hoped that he would not try to run away with her, for it wouldn't do him any good, from the appearance of things and the new diamond ring on her finger. Aunt Sally gave him a poke in the side, telling him to hush, and not be telling all about Mary's affairs and that he never could keep a secret. The poor girl looked down as though trying to hide the blushes on her cheeks. Chester said it pleased him very much to show Miss Russell attentions, but from what he heard, he feared it was too late to win her; yet he said he could not help but envy the happy man who had won her hand and heart.

As soon as they arrived at the Howard home, they were met by Mr. Howard, who was a widower, and his maiden sister, who acted as his house-keeper. They all endeavored to give Mary a very hearty welcome.

At the table they noticed what perfect manners she had, and what a fine conversationalist she was for one so young. Many a person much older might well be proud of Mary's attainments.



Mr. Howard said he heard that she and Uncle Hiram were going to have a birthday very soon, and they were only a few days apart, she being eighteen and Uncle Hiram seventy. He said he had been thinking a great deal about it, after Professor Graham talked with him, and he wanted to do all in his power to make it the happiest birthday she had ever had, and he knew how anxious she was about the comfort of the old folks and that her greatest happiness seemed to be in making them happy. He did not consider, he said, that there was anything in his power that he would not do for her, as she came near losing her life through his carelessness and that of his son, and he was well aware that if she so disposed, she could make it cost them a great deal. He had learned a lesson, he said, and as long as he lived he would not judge one's character by circumstances.

He told Mary how he once held a mortgage on the old folks' farm down in Delaware, though he considered he gave them every chance to redeem it, but it did not seem pos-



sible for them ever to do so, and he still had it, and on one end of it he built a small club-house for his family and friends to visit in the summer, also a kennel for the dogs and a great barn for his horses. Their log house had never been torn down, but was used for a sleeping apartment for his hired men.

He asked Mary how she would like to celebrate Uncle Hiram's birthday down on their old farm, and he would have the little log house fixed up for them to sleep in for the few days they would be there.

Mary told him it would make her very happy and she was sure it would make them happy too. She told Mr. Howard there was nothing he could do for her personally, but now he had an opportunity of righting any wrong that he had done to the old folks. In the sight of the world he might consider it blotted out, and try to make himself believe he had done right, but there was an invisible finger pointing at his conscience, telling him there was only one way to right a wrong, and that was being honest and just to everybody, and now he had



the opportunity of doing that with them. She told him God's ways were not our ways, and He took strange means of bringing things around, and the wealth in dollars did not always give wealth in soul.

He looked at Mary with a blanched face, and taking her by the hand, he said, "My good girl, it's well I understand the meaning of your words, and I thank God for being so merciful to me, and I shall do everything I can for the comfort of those that I have wronged."

That night when Mary got home, she told Aunt Sally not to make the candies for Uncle Hiram's birthday cake, when she was making them for hers, or to make any preparations for it, as she had decided to take them all out of town on that occasion. She told her not to ask her any further questions about it, and requested her not to say anything to Uncle Hiram or any of the neighbors.

Chester saw Mary home that evening; when they arrived at Uncle Hiram's, she did not ask him in, but he said that he would like to have

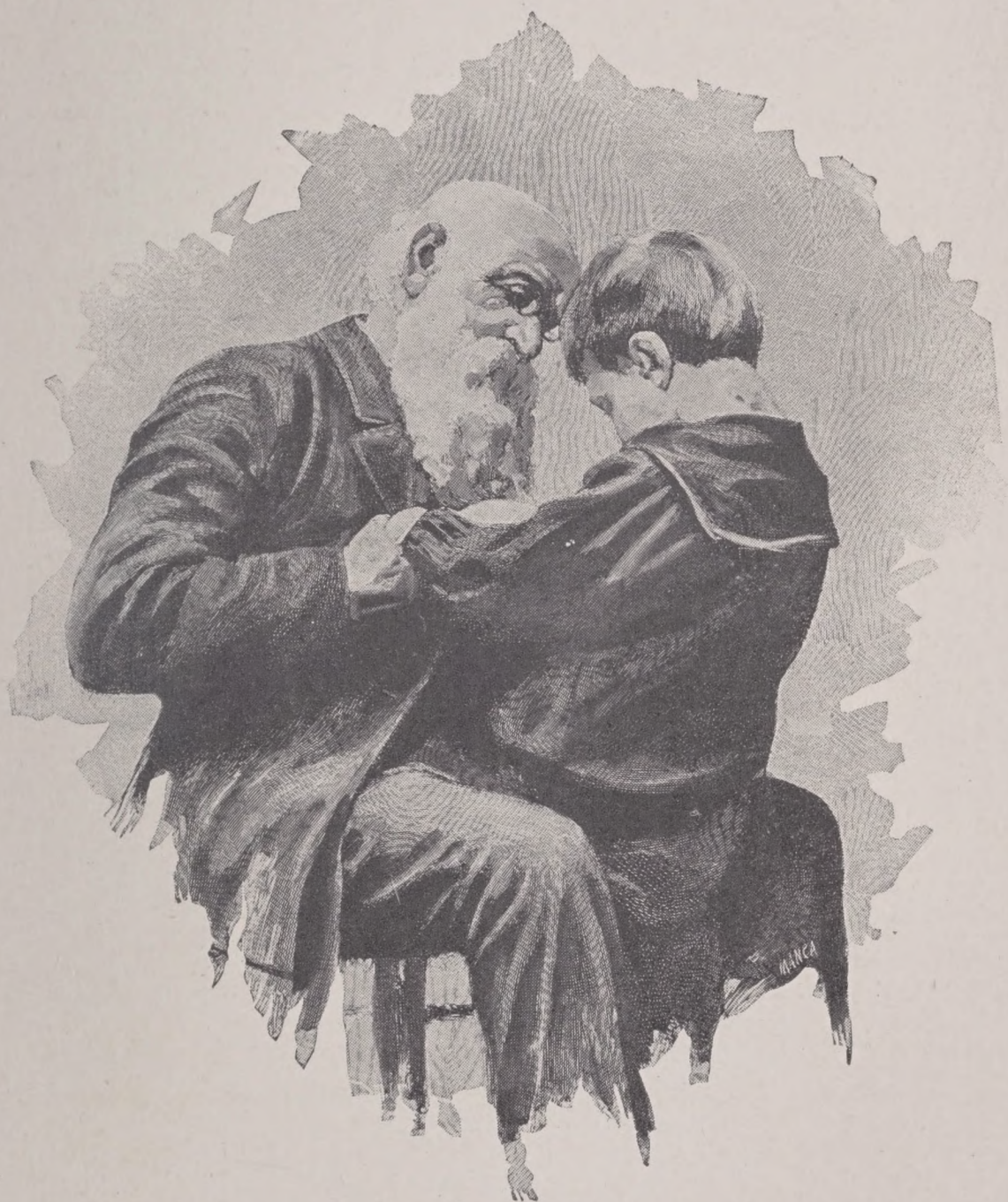


a little chat with Uncle Hiram as he had heard so much about him. Mary said she did not know much about Uncle Hiram, only that he was a veteran of 1812, and as there was so much talk of war at the present time he was always interested in hearing war news.

Before Aunt Sally had time to help her off with her jacket, as her arm was yet weak, Chester was taking it off for her. Uncle Hiram stood by giving a nervous twitch to his whiskers, and told Chester he saw he was very apt at that kind of a job. Aunt Sally looked at Uncle Hiram with such a troubled look, telling him to keep still, when he told her he had not forgotten the days when he used to do that for her, and he hoped she had not forgotten them either, and that the young fellows in those days were just as slick as they are now.

There was considerable talk among the old folks in the neighborhood in regard to Mary, since she got home from the hospital, and they guessed the coolness between herself and the young lawyer had been made up, from the appearance of things and the ring on her





THIS BOY WAS THE PICTURE OF HIS DEAD SON







finger, which Uncle Hiram said he gave her, and they thought it all meant a great deal. Granny Hobbs said she was always satisfied that he had a serious eye on the gal, and she knew it would be a match some day. Uncle Hiram told them he believed young Howard liked her pretty well too, from the great attention he paid her when taking off her jacket the other day, and that sister of his was running to see her all the time, but he knew that kind of folks was too thin for Mary, and he could see she didn't care anything for him.

None of this talk got to Mary's ears, for they all loved her and knew how she disliked gossip. After awhile Aunt Sally was thinking of Mary's birthday, and how they could do the most to make her happy in their poor, humble way. While they were thinking of the pleasure they were going to give her for one day, she was thinking of the pleasure she would like to give them their whole lifetime.

That evening Uncle Hiram and little Phil did a great deal of whispering, and were very nervous, before they went to bed, leaving Aunt



Sally alone to prepare for the next day, which pleased her very much.

The next morning the September sun cast its bright rays through the morning glories that shaded Mary's window and upon the kneeling form of the lovely girl, as she was thanking her Heavenly Father for guarding and guiding her those eighteen years, and especially the past six, since she was alone in the world.

As soon as the old folks heard a stir in her room, they could not wait any longer, for they were so anxious to congratulate and love her, and present her with the book she loved most of all books on earth, and that was a new Bible, for they saw her old one was almost worn out.

With tearful eyes the old folks put their arms around her neck, kissing her and praying God's blessing upon her wherever she went, for they had a presentiment that she would not be with them long, while little Phil stood upon the chair to hug and kiss his Mary, for such she surely was to him. Bruno



jumped up and wagged his tail, barking as if he knew it was the happy day that she had stepped from childhood into young womanhood. After a little Phil spoke his piece for her; he told her how much he loved her, and burying his head in the folds of her dress, he commenced to cry and told her he didn't want lawyer Graham to ever take her away from them, for when he was a big man he would take care of her, and have horses and carriages for her himself.

Aunt Sally said, "Hiram, I believe you've been telling that child all about Mary's engagement, and I suppose you've been telling the neighbors, too," asking him if he wasn't ashamed of himself. He said he never did believe in surprises; it sometimes made people sick, and as it was true, he wanted to prepare them for it. Mary's usual way at such times was to keep still and smile, for she knew when Uncle Hiram couldn't tell a secret he was sick.

Mary told Phil that he and his grandpa and grandma must never worry about that, as she would always love and protect them as long as



she lived, and no one could ever take that love from them, and all she wanted of him was to be a truthful, honest boy, and honor and obey God and his superiors.

He told her when he was a man he guessed he would be a minister, for they were all good men. Mary told him that was what they ought to be, but there were many ministers who were not Christians, and it was not position that made the man, but good principles, and he could be a good man and serve God if he was only a street cleaner.

Shortly after breakfast there was a knock at the door of the little cottage, which was covered with morning glories, and they looked more beautiful that morning than ever, as if they were doing homage to the lone orphan girl. Phil responded to the knock, and he looked like a little Ben Franklin with his pretty velvet suit and his ruffled waist, with black stockings and Oxford ties, and silver buckles to match the ones on the knees of his little trousers.

Mary was very proud of him and the old



folks when the Howard family was ushered into the parlor. Miss Howard was the first to congratulate Mary, presenting her with a beautiful gold locket and chain. On one side of the locket was Aunt Sally's picture, when she was a young woman, just after they were married, and on the other side was Uncle Hiram's. Miss Howard had them copied from an old daguerreotype that she borrowed from Aunt Sally. Mr. Howard and Chester presented her with books and flowers.

Although Mary appreciated the sweet remembrances of the Howards and other friends, the present that touched her heart the most of all was what the old folks and little Phil gave her, for they had all worked hard to earn it while she was in the hospital. Uncle Hiram sawed wood for Squire Dobbins, while little Phil was a good boy, helping his grandma in the house while she knit socks for good old Deacon Shipley out in Harlem.

After her birthday Mary was very happy, as were also all the friends who joined in wishing her many happy returns of the day.



Mr. Howard thought it would be best to go down to the farm the evening before Uncle Hiram's birthday, so that when he awoke in the morning, Mary could congratulate him on two occasions—being back at the old home they loved so well and the celebration of his birthday.

Mr. Howard had the little log house all cleaned up and refurnished with some of the old furniture that Aunt Sally had sold to neighbors years ago, when they left the farm. He did everything he could to make the home look as much like old times as possible.



## CHAPTER IV

## UNCLE HIRAM'S BIRTHDAY

The next morning Mary told Aunt Sally to pack up some of their clothes in Uncle Hiram's old hair leather trunk, as they were going away on the one-o'clock train, and not to ask her any questions until they got to the depot. Uncle Hiram got so excited because he was not let into the secret that he bothered poor Aunt Sally almost to death, and when it came time to get ready, he forgot to change both his Sunday boots, having a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other, putting his old vest down,



taking it up again, and putting it on wrong side out. When little Phil noticed it all, he laughed so that Mary could hardly dress him. Poor Aunt Sally had to come, as usual, to Uncle Hiram's rescue and get him straightened out. That morning Mary brushed his high hat, that had not seen the light of day for many years, and fixed his new black cravat on him, putting a nice white handkerchief in his pocket and telling him that it was not for ornament and not to take his red handkerchief with him.

Shortly the hack drove up and they started for the Jersey City depot. As the hack stopped at the depot Chester Howard opened the door to help Mary out first. She looked at him and said, "Aunt Sally, if you please." As Uncle Hiram was getting out, he almost took the side of the carriage with him, for it had been many years since he was in one. Mary saw the embarrassed and amused look on Chester's face, and she passed it off by saying, "Isn't it a beautiful day, Mr. Howard," while dear little Aunt Sally was trying to fix



Uncle Hiram's coat that he had almost torn off of him. The old folks were very nervous and wondered where Mary was going to take them, especially when they saw the Howards. In a minute Addie Howard appeared on the scene, telling Mary that she too was going down to help celebrate the birthdays.

As soon as the old folks got into the train, and Mary got them settled comfortably in their seats, she asked them if they had any idea where they were going, or where the birthday was to be celebrated. They answered only with a nod, for their thoughts had gone back to the days of their youth, and the flow of tears kept them from speaking, but little Phil answered for them, saying he guessed they were going down to that farm grandpa was always talking about, and where his papa was born.

After they started, Mary thought she would leave them alone for awhile, considering it was only proper to sit with Miss Howard and her brother on the way down, but as Mary approached their seat, Miss Howard made it very



convenient for Chester to sit beside Mary, knowing that was what he was anxious to do, and, of course, Uncle Hiram had to look around in that direction as often as possible, chuckling to himself how that young Howard would have all of his pains for nothing.

As soon as the train reached the depot, Mr. Howard was there with an ox team to meet them, for he thought it would seem more familiar to them, for that is what they used when they had the farm, and what took them to the depot when they left it years ago.

As soon as they were driven out to the farm, the little log house was all lit up, and Uncle Hiram's two brothers, Jim and Abe, with their families; also Aunt Sally's brothers, Ike and Sam, and her sister Hannah, with their families, and many of the old neighbors, Mr. Howard had invited to greet them on their return to the old home. It was the first time they had been together for years. Mary was no stranger to the relatives and friends of the old folks. Though she had never seen them,



she had done all the corresponding and had received many thankful letters in return for all she was doing for them.

The company was not in a hurry to go home that evening. The Howard's housekeeper at the club had prepared a good supper for all the company to sit down to in the little log house, making it seem more like home to the old folks, while Mary took supper over at the club with the Howards, so as to give Uncle Hiram and Aunt Sally a chance to be alone with their friends and relations.

Chester and his sister did everything in their power to try and have Mary sleep at the club all night, but she would not tolerate such a thought. She thanked them and said the roof that sheltered the old folks would have to shelter her, too, as long as she was with them, and she wanted to be there to congratulate Uncle Hiram the first thing in the morning. Mr. Howard said he would like very much to have the pleasure of all their company over to breakfast at the club, telling them the first bell they would hear was the rising bell, which



would ring an hour before breakfast, and the next one would be for breakfast.

It was not necessary to ring a rising bell for the occupants of the little log house that morning; though they did not sleep very much that night, they needed no calling, for they were all up at daybreak, Aunt Sally and Uncle Hiram standing by the grave of their little daughter and thanking God for the privilege of being back to the home of their early life and love, while little Phil was getting acquainted with old Katy, the Scotch collie, and Tiger, the brindle bull pup, whose duty it was to hunt up the cattle and protect the place from prowling Indians that were yet to be seen even in Delaware.

Mary slept very little that night, glorifying God for all His goodness and mercy to her, knowing He never gave reasons for anything, but He always gave promises, and many of those she had received, while as for the rest, these she would still hope for.

After the old folks had talked over many things of the past, they came into the house,



thinking it was almost time to wake Mary, so they could thank her for this beautiful surprise and have a good chat before either of the bells was rung. Just as they came in, Mary kissed Uncle Hiram and Aunt Sally, and congratulating them both on their return to their old home, asked them if they were happy. They told her they didn't think they could ever be happier in this world again, and the happiness they would have in those few days would last them a lifetime, to think and talk about after they got back. While they were talking the first bell rang, and they all washed and got ready for breakfast. When the last bell rang, they were at their morning devotion. As soon as they had finished, they started across the lawn to the house and were met by the whole Howard family coming to greet them. Mr. Howard walked with Uncle Hiram, and just as Mary went to take her place beside Aunt Sally, Addie stepped in between them and taking little Phil by the hand, said she was going to be his and Aunt Sally's escort to the house, leaving Mary to be escorted



by Chester, and he took a great deal of pains to walk slower than the rest, which Mary did not relish very much.

As soon as breakfast was over they all adjourned to the parlor. After they entered the room, Mr. Howard turned to Mary and handed her a long unsealed envelope, which she opened immediately, taking out the document that made her sole owner of the Delaware farm and its belongings. As soon as she read the deed, she looked up at Mr. Howard, and in a low voice said, "Thank God for giving you this opportunity, and I thank you for embracing it."

Immediately Mary turned around to the old folks and said, "Thanks be to our Heavenly Father, it is yours again, for whatever He does, is well done, and He doeth all things for the best."

After a while the old folks returned to the little log house as proud and happy as on the first day they built and lived in it, Mr. Howard and Chester going out on the broad piazza to have their after-breakfast smoke, and chat over



the little transaction that had just taken place, while Mary and Addie went to the parlor.

As Mary stood beside the piano listening to Addie sing, she noticed a book of old Southern songs. As soon as Addie finished singing, they looked over the book together, Mary noticing it contained so many of her own mother's favorite songs. On the cover was the name, Harriet Chester, Richmond, Virginia. Addie told Mary that was her mother's book, when a girl, and also her mother's maiden name, and that she was a Virginian through and through. Addie put her arms around Mary's neck and told her how she missed her mother, and how lonesome their home was since she died.

These words were too sad and near Mary's own heart to dwell on. She asked Mary if she ever had a sister, kissing her beautiful sad face for the mention of a dead mother made it so at that time, and said she wished they could be sisters. Mary told her, though they could not be sisters, she would be glad to sing some of her mother's favorite songs for her.



Addie, in her impulsive way, exclaimed, in a loud voice, "O Mary, we never knew you could play and sing."

Mary played her own accompaniment, and in a soft, sweet voice, fearing she might be heard by the gentlemen outside, she sang,

"The poor old slave has gone to rest,  
We know that he is free,  
Disturb him not, but let him rest,  
Way down in Tennessee."

That beautiful girl's voice was wafted out on the breezes, and touched the heart and ear of the father and son. They crossed the hall quickly and lightly, when Addie raised her finger to her lips for silence, and pointed to the settee behind Mary, in the corner.

Oh, how Mr. Howard felt when he heard her sing and play, and thought how he came near being the cause of stilling that sweet voice forever, as she sang and played the songs of his early love! In a trembling voice Addie asked her if she would please sing again. Mary, dear girl, was wholly unconscious of an audience, and told Addie if she would close the



door so the gentlemen could not hear her, she would.

Addie smiled, and Mary feeling sure she could not be heard, let her voice out and sang:

"I had a bud wid-in my garden growing,  
A slip I cherished wid a father's care,  
When other darkeys round dat plant were hoeing,  
The zepher essence seem'd to fill de air."

The gentlemen could not keep still any longer, and they told Mary of her silent audience and intruders. Mr. Howard, looking at Mary in silence, said, "It almost seems to me that she I loved so well, and that sleeps the long silent sleep that will never wake in this world, has sung for me to-day."

In a few days, Spencer and his mother met Mary at the farm and they started for Philadelphia. No one but God alone can ever know the sad heart and thoughts of that poor lone orphan, as she was wending her way to face a rascal and kneel beside her dear mother's grave.

"The longest day at last bends down to evening." A few days before Spencer left New



York, he wrote to his father's cousin, ex-judge Bentley of Philadelphia, telling all about the whole affair, and asking him to meet them at the Continental Hotel as soon as they arrived, for that was where they would stop during their stay. After breakfast Mrs. Graham tried to keep Mary from going out until afternoon, doing all she could to have her lie down, for she looked so tired and weary, and knowing what was before the poor child, for days, maybe. She told them it would be impossible for her to stay in the house one hour longer, and be in the city where she once had a happy home, and where the forms of those she loved so well in life, lay sleeping.

At last Spencer got ready and took her to the cemetery. As soon as they reached the gate, the color left Mary's face and she commenced to tremble as she asked the man in the office to show them to the graves of her dead. He told her they had been changed to another part of the burying ground, for at the time Mrs. Russell died, she was buried in a pauper's grave, and a very wealthy English-



man, by the name of Maxwell came all the way to America to find her two children, and take them back with him, and he bought the finest lot in the cemetery, having her and her little son buried together, though the little boy was not buried in a pauper's grave.

When Spencer and Mary reached the lot, they found it fenced in with a beautiful high iron fence, with a number of vases filled with liveforever ivy and flowers. The statue on the top of the monument was that of an angel bearing a child to Heaven. The inscription was:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me to the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

To the memory of Victoria Maxwell Russell, husband and child, by her beloved cousin, Jerome Maxwell.

Spencer and the sexton withdrew to one side to leave the poor girl alone by the grave of her dead. It moved the hard-hearted grave-



digger more than anything he had seen for many a long day, though he was used to sad scenes. Spencer did all he could to choke the tears back, when he saw the girl he loved lying prostrate on the cold sod, crying and pleading, "O, mother, will you never come back to your own Mary?"

They are all gone into the world of light,  
And I alone sit lingering here.  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear."

After Spencer took Mary home she lay down and his mother sat beside her, doing all she could to comfort the poor girl, while Spencer told Judge Bentley all about her affairs, giving him the papers to look over.

The next morning by ten o'clock, the great wholesale grocery house that was supposed to be W. M. Mavor & Sons, was closed by the sheriff, and an expert accountant was engaged to look over the books.

When Mary was told she must swear out a warrant for Mavor's arrest, with horror, she said, "O, how can I? Though he has robbed me



of home and brother, and been the cause of so much sorrow to me, and my poor mother before her death, I don't want to bring disgrace to his innocent daughter, if I can help it, for she is not to blame for her father's crime."

As soon as Mavor saw the name, Mary Victoria Russell, heir of John and Victoria Russell, on the writ, he was almost beside himself with fright, and begged them for God's sake to save him on account of his dying wife.

Spencer and the Judge told him he had no mercy upon the lone widow before she died or when she was dying, nor on her orphans after she was gone. Judge Bentley told him it was not in their power, as he was now in the hands of the law and in the power of the orphan girl he robbed.

He fell upon his knees in agony, crying like a child, and begged to be taken to her at once. As soon as he saw Mary, he looked down, ashamed of himself, and crossing over to where she stood, he said, "Can it be possible that you are little Mary Russell?"



Her tall and slender figure quivered and her eyes flashed like diamonds, and with the contempt and dignity of an injured queen, she said, "Yes, Mr. Mavor, I am Mary Russell, the orphan of honest parents, and here are the papers you were so anxious about when my angel mother was passing into the home where rascals like you can never go. So your sins have found you out, and though you could get rid of your helpless victims, you never could get rid of your conscience. You see, children don't stay children always. I, for one, have lived and grown to womanhood, thank God, to condemn those who have wronged me and mine, and reward those who have loved and protected."

He knelt before her and pleaded for mercy. She told him he had better kneel unto his God and plead for forgiveness, for robbing the widow and the orphans.

He said, "O, Mary, don't put me in prison, telling her his wife was expected to die most any moment.

She said, "I hope God will forgive her her



sins, but what can she say to my darling, dead mother if she should meet her face to face, before the just Judge of judges, for the way she helped to rob and wrong her children. Mary told Spencer and the judge to give him a chance and see what he would do, before notice for his arrest was served.

That evening, all her mother's jewels, laces and family silver were brought to the hotel. The next day she got possession of her beautiful home and her father's business, along with several thousand dollars that were on deposit in the bank.

Mavor asked Mary if she would shake hands with him and forgive him. She told him she had forgiven him and she hoped God would, and if ever he needed a friend, he could come to her and she would help him, and there was only one kind of wealth that brought true happiness in this world, that was a clear conscience and an honest heart.

Before Mary left Philadelphia she paid the debt off of the church they all attended when they first came to this country, and where her



mother often sang, also giving money for other charities. Her next attention and thought was towards the old folks, for she knew the time was very near at hand when she would have to leave them.

The next morning Mary and the Grahams started for New York, meeting the old folks at the Delaware depot. As soon as they arrived, she commenced to pack up the furniture, so that she could see it all shipped to the farm before she left, leaving money with Uncle Hiram to pay for the building and furnishing of a new house, to take the place of the old log one, before she returned to America again, with instructions to keep Phil in school, telling them that as long as her name was Mary Russell, she would never call any other place home save theirs as long as they lived.

They all looked very sad, Aunt Sally trying to look cheerful for Mary's sake, and Mary trying to do the best she could to look pleasant and happy when she was around the old folks, knowing that in less than a week she would be on her long journey across the sea.



At last Aunt Sally broke down, telling her her heart was almost broken and they would rather have her in the little cottage than all the farms or the wealth on earth, for she had been more to them than tongue could ever tell, and nothing could ever take her place in their hearts.

When the poor girl went to look for Uncle Hiram and little Phil, she found them out in the woodshed, crying as if their hearts would break. Phil was trying to comfort his poor old grandfather by telling him they would pray the way their Mary did, and God would bring her back to them again. Mary brought them into the house and told them if they wanted to make her happy they must stop crying, for it seemed to her she would really go crazy, she was so sad, telling them to fear for nothing, for He who watched over the little sparrow would guard them in mercy and love, and when they felt lonely and helpless to seek strength and comfort from Him above.

The old neighbors and friends came in to say good-bye and give Mary their farewell



blessing on her long journey, in hope that she would return safely to them again.

The Grahams tried hard to have Mary spend the last night with them, but she told them that the old folks and she were invited to spend the night at Granny Cook's, and they were going to have a farewell prayer meeting, and all her scholars would try to be there.

James Daily told her, after the meeting was over, he thought the war would commence before she came back, and if it did, he and the boys would fight on the side that she advised. Mary smiled and thanked them for their confidence in her, and asked them if they enjoyed the freedom of soul since they left the bondage of sin. They told her they would not give a minute of that happiness for millions of dollars. She told them then to fight for the freedom of soul and body, for she didn't think God ever created a human being to be lashed and beaten and treated in such an inhuman way.

Before Mary left she presented each of them with a New Testament, as a token of remembrance.



It was a beautiful October morning, when Mary went aboard the same ship that brought her, a happy child, with loving parents and brothers, to America.

Spencer tried to have Mary promise that she would return in a few months, at least, and they would be married. She told him her first duty was to find her brother, dead or alive, and if the war commenced before she returned, his first duty was to his country. Just as he bade her the sad good-bye, he pinned a beautiful rose near her throat in silence, handed her a letter, and, with blinding tears, he waved a farewell, as the boat was moving out.

Mary hastened quickly to her state-room and had a good cry. When she opened the letter, the words he could not speak in person were there in silence:

"Fare thee well, love, now thou art going over the wild  
and trackless sea,  
Smooth be its waves and fair the wind blowing, though  
'tis to bear thee far, far from me.  
But when on the waste of ocean some happy homeward  
bark you see,  
Swear by the truth of thy heart's devotion, to send a  
letter back to me."



She had a very smooth voyage except the first few days out, occupying the most of her time in reading her Bible and writing letters to send back to loved ones as soon as she arrived in England.

There were many distinguished and talented people on board, among them being Edwin Forest, the tragedian, and a few of his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Moxley and their son who lived in Washington, also a party of wealthy southern planters and slave-holders, together with their wives and children.

Edwin Forest and his friends were attracted to Mary on account of her youth and beauty. They noticed that she was traveling alone, but was always accompanied to dinner by the captain, sitting at his right hand, and receiving the attention of a beloved daughter.

The ladies in the party were very anxious to speak to her and to know who she was. Mr. Forest, being acquainted with Captain Blake for many years, asked him who his fair young charge was, and said that the ladies in the party would like to be introduced, as they



thought she was lonesome, and wanted to do all they could to make it pleasant for her during the remainder of the voyage, if it would be agreeable to him.

The captain told him that Mary's grandfather Russell and himself were schoolboys together, and that her cousin, the Honorable Jerome Maxwell, of London, had asked him if he would kindly look after her on the voyage. He told Mr. Forest she was an orphan and going over to prove her heirship and claim a great estate in the North of England that was left her by the death of her granduncle, she being the only heir to it, and that she was the most wonderful young girl he ever met in all of his life, that she was capable of traveling the world o'er and o'er alone, and in place of needing protection or advice, she was very capable of giving both.

When the captain had gone to another part of the ship, Mr. Forest, in his joking way, asked her if she was not afraid to take such a long voyage alone, and especially to walk the deck after dark. There were so many gallant



young chaps on board, he said, who would like to have the pleasure of her company in the promenade; he also told her she must be very careful and not step outside of her state-room, or the cabin alone after dark, for he had often heard that sharks snatch people overboard.

Mrs. Moxley frowned at Mr. Forest for making such a speech, while her husband and the rest of the party tried to suppress a smile. They kept silent a minute or two, and scanned Mary's face closely.

Presently she drew herself up, and looked at him with indignation for trying to make her the object of a jest, for the amusement of his friends, and with the energy of Lady Macbeth and the prophetic spirit of Meg Merrilies, she told him there were many sharks in human form that were just as dangerous as the sharks of the sea, and she thanked God that she was not afraid of any of them. That the great Monarch who protected her o'er land and sea was not like the monarchs that he represented, for they were as helpless in their day as he was himself, but the One that she looked up to for



protection still lived, and always would, and when He said to the troubled heart, soul or waters, "Peace, be still," there was not a pang to the heart, nor a sting to the soul, nor a ripple on the mighty waters.

Mrs. Moxley and party all looked at Mary in astonishment. Dear old Father Sheehan, who was leaning against the railing, reading the life of the noble Robert Emmett, was attracted by the conversation. He said, "Good luck, and God bless you, my dear colleen baun. I think he'll find you to be as good an actor as himself."

Mary told the good priest in her opinion there was too much acting in this life, and not enough of sincerity or reality. The party looked at each other in a very serious way, and the great tragedian said: "It is true, my girl," and apologized to her for his jest, asking her to join the party, as they were going to have the pleasure of a song from Mr. and Mrs. Moxley, and they hoped, a song from her dear little self. They all teased Mary for one, and she told them if they would excuse her from



singing she would give a short recitation on the existence of God.

“There is a power, all other powers above,  
Whose name is Goodness, and His nature Love:  
Who called the infant universe to light  
From central nothing and circumfluent night.  
On His great Providence all worlds depend,  
As trembling atoms to their centre tend;  
In Nature’s face His glory shines confess’d,  
She wears His sacred Image on her breast;  
His Spirit breathes in every living soul;  
His bounty feeds, His presence fills the whole.  
Though seen, invisible, though felt, unknown;  
All that exist, exist in Him alone.”

Mary said she was glad to know there is a God. It is a thought which presents itself to every mind, if they would only accept of it. Mrs. Moxley said it was true, and she would accept of it now more than ever.

They all thanked Mary for her beautiful recitation. Mr. Forest took her by the hand, and looking at his friends, said: “This fair young creature is more than a match for me. She has taught me what I could not teach her, and that is the true existence of God, and I thank her from the bottom of my heart for it.”

Mary bowed her acknowledgment and took



her departure, as she had a few more letters to write before landing, and a little packing to look after.

On the following afternoon they reached Liverpool, and as soon as the gang-plank was put out, the first one that stepped aboard was Jerome Maxwell, a tall, handsome man of about forty-six or forty-seven, with ruddy complexion and closely-cut burnside whiskers.

As soon as he saw Mary he embraced and kissed her, for he knew her because of her resemblance to her lovely mother, for she certainly was the picture of her, and it took him back to his early love and happy boyhood days. After his valet looked after her baggage, they took the first train for London, and Mary was taken into the same beautiful home she left when she came to America, it being the property and bachelor home now of her cousin Jerome.

In a week or ten days, after Mary was well rested and had seen many of her mother's old friends, and those of her own childhood, she was taken before the probate court to prove



her heirship, which she did without any trouble, and claimed the estate. Everything was done for Mary's pleasure and happiness. Her cousin was very proud of her, for he looked upon her as if she were his own child, engaging a French companion to keep her company, also an old English matron as a chaperon. She had the attention of many of the young knights, and the jealousy of the young lasses, but she treated them all alike, telling the girls that she did not come over to take any of their sweethearts from them, even if she could, so they could set their hearts at ease in regard to that.

As soon as she visited her estate in company with her cousin and companion, and made the acquaintance of her tenants, she made a few changes in regard to her agents. Men that were unkind to the tenants, and dissipated,—their places were filled by kind-hearted, considerate, Christian men. Any of her tenants who were back in their rent on account of sickness, or loss of employment, and who were people of principle, she marked that out



against them, giving them a chance to commence anew. After that she traveled quite extensively through Europe. She returned home by way of the beautiful Isle of the Sea, the home of the shamrock, and Bible-reading Scotland, where the bluebells and the thistle grow, and France, where the lily, so white, the emblem of purity and Easter delight, raises her proud head majestically.

As Mary reached London, the bulletins were up in the newspaper windows, and the boys were calling out, "Full account of the great American war and the fall of Fort Sumter," and that the President of the United States had sent out a call for seventy-five thousand men. This announcement thrilled Mary to the heart, and nothing could persuade or induce her to stay any longer, as she thought of the struggle that was upon the great American nation, the country she loved so well, and where her dead lay sleeping. She hoped and prayed that Spencer had offered himself to fight for the glorious old flag, that waved o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



Oh, how that poor girl wished that she had a father or a brother to go forth and fight for such a noble cause, but she was willing to sacrifice the man she loved dearly, to fight for the grand old Union and the land of her adoption.



## CHAPTER V

## THE WAR—HAROLD AN ENEMY

In a few days Mary received a long letter from Spencer, telling her that if she had a spark of love left for him, to show it by coming home at once. Though he knew he could not see her very often, it would make him very happy to know they were both on the same side of the Atlantic.

This was the first time Mary's cousin and her friends had the slightest idea that she had a lover, and one that had asked for her hand and heart when she was homeless, and, as he thought, penniless.

Mary put her arms around her cousin's neck and begged him to hurry and procure her ticket so that she might be able to leave on the first steamer for America. He tried hard to pacify her, but to no avail, telling her she was a very foolish girl to think of going back



to America, or marrying an American, when there were so many fine young men there who were very anxious to claim her hand, and men of fine families and great fortunes, like herself. She told him her choice was a man of fine family, and he had a far greater fortune than any she met so far in England, that his fortune was of brain and principle, and such fortunes could neither be lost nor stolen, telling him not to worry for her, as she was going to do what she considered was God's will and her duty.

After an absence of several months Mary returned to America. She was met at the steamer by many old friends and Spencer, in his colonel's uniform, looking very gallant, with little Phil standing beside him, looking like a drum major, with his soldier cap and drum that Spencer bought him the day before when he came up from the farm to meet Mary. As soon as the boat landed, little Phil threw his drum behind him and ran, screaming, to welcome his Mary. After he kissed her, he laid his head against her shoulder and commenced to cry. She told him she was home



now and he ought to be happy, and another thing, soldiers mustn't cry. But there was a soldier standing next to her, who was trying hard to keep the big tears back, but, like Phil's, they were tears of joy.

After Mary had visited a few days at the Grahams', and seen all of her old friends, Spencer accompanied her and Phil down to the farm, where another royal welcome awaited her. She did the crying then just as well as the rest. When she saw poor old Uncle Hiram so bent and care-worn and dear little Aunt Sally, standing on the platform to meet her, she told them all to cheer up, that the ocean would never divide them again, and all she was sorry for was that Phil was not old enough to shoulder a musket and Uncle Hiram was too old, so she guessed she'd have to be the only soldier in the family, and do something for the war herself. When they asked her what she meant, she told them that was her little secret.

Spencer and Mary had a very happy time together for three or four days until he was called away to join his regiment, then came



the dreadful time of gloom and sorrow again, for that certainly was a very sad parting between those two lovers.

When the train started, Spencer said good-bye again, and the band played "The Girl I Left behind Me."

Mary never told him what she was intending to do in regard to giving her services to care for the sick and wounded soldiers, for she knew that he would not sanction anything like that, and she did not want to make him unhappy in regard to her, for he was unhappy enough.

Two or three days after he was gone, she presented herself to the Sanitary Commission, and told them what her intention was. They told her she was too young and physically incapacitated. General Hancock had just dropped in on the way to headquarters, and said, "Too pretty." Mary got very indignant, and said youth and beauty had nothing to do with it, that many young men of her age, and younger, too, were accepted because they could shoulder a gun, with maybe a cowardly heart



when they came to battle face to face with the foe, and if she could not fight men's bodies, she could care for them when wounded and sick, and with the word of God and the dear old Bible she could redeem their souls from sin. She told them it was not a motive of remuneration with her, but glory for God and loyalty to country.

General Hancock said, "Three cheers for the little heroine, she shall go." They immediately let her take the solemn oath administered before entering on her hazardous duties. In less than a week, Mary was off to Washington with orders to report to Miss Dix. After being there a few days, she was sent to Alexandria, where she commenced her noble work for both soul and body, rendering most efficient service. As may be supposed, whatever she did was well done, laboring continually, and going from place to place. She was both modest and courageous. The little angel, as the soldiers used to call her, never thinking of herself, only pressed on to alleviate the sufferings of others.



After the bloody battle of Williamsburg, when the soldiers were brought in, it was a sight that would chill the stoutest heart. She was calm, with eyes full of tears and heart full of pity, exerting every muscle in her body and every fibre in her heart, to help the poor, suffering fellows who were giving their life's blood for their country.

When the doctor saw with what wonderful skill she handled the wounded, he asked her if she would be willing to go to the front, knowing how few nurses had the courage and skill she had. She told him she was willing to do anything, or go any place where he considered she could do the most good.

Mary was a sister and daughter to all the soldiers. In order to make them feel more at home with her, she always addressed them as brother, and it was wonderful what that beautiful girl would do to relieve the suffering of the boys. If there was any nourishment she thought the poor fellows ought to have, if she could not get it from the steward or the Commission, she bought it out of her own money,



and thanked God that she was able to do so. When not actually employed with caring for their wounds or soothing their fevered brows, she would sit beside their cots and write letters for them, or speak words of comfort.

There was not a dry eye in the ward when she got ready to leave them. They knew they would miss her gentle little hands and fervent prayers. The boys who were able to be about watched the ambulance that bore her away to the battle-field, until it was out of sight.

With prayer on their lips, and sorrow in their hearts, they bade her God-speed. Her last words to them were to be good soldiers for their Heavenly Father, and they would never fail in being good soldiers for their country for it was under the guidance of God and His protection that she worked for them. This lovely girl repeated the humility and love recorded in the Sacred Scripture of Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus.

At the dreadful battle of Fort Donaldson, she came near falling into the enemy's hands, but as quick as a flash she threw herself back



among the men, and while they cheered her, the soldiers on the other side smiled at her heroism. After the battle, General Grant was told of the narrow escape they had from losing their little heroic nurse, and how she saved herself. When he saw her, he asked her what she would have done if she had been captured by the enemy. She told him she would have done for them what she had done for the boys in blue, if they gave her the chance, for when the Son of God was being insulted and persecuted upon Calvary, He said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." She told him those words were not meant alone for the few that stood around the cross insulting and crucifying Him, but for all sinners.

The brave general's face turned pale, and he clasped her hand, saying, "Little angel of mercy and love, I shall always remember those words, and I hope that you may never fall into the hands of the enemy in this life or the life to come."

Colonel Granger, of the 100th New York, said there was not a soldier that she ever laid



her gentle hand upon or spoke sweet words of comfort to who would not lay down his life for her. Her presence was magical. It was like a great sunburst after many days of gloom. All the men were happy when they saw her coming. Her kindly voice and sweet face gave them cheer.

Just before the dreadful battle of Shiloh, Sunday morning, April 6th, as Mary was on her knees, she heard the sudden report of artillery break upon her ear, and as quick as a flash she snatched her field-glass, that was presented to her by a Scotch laddie when she was in the Highlands, and she hastened to a little hill near by, and saw General Buell's angry legion of the South coming towards them, and in a very short time the heavens were all ablaze. To the left she spied General Sydney Johnson, moving towards the Tennessee River with his part of the army. A short distance away stood the brave General Grant, surveying with a sad countenance the mighty rebel army before him, knowing what dreadful revenge they had in their hearts on account of the shot



and shell and the hearts of steel that met them at Fort Donaldson.

The brave boys were greeted with powder and shell on every side. Oh, how Mary did wish for her brother that day, that he, too, might do what she saw other boys doing, and she prayed to God that the country might be saved, and the old flag, the emblem of freedom, might never have to trail its starry folds in the dust.

The horror and bloody sight of this battle was enough to have tried the nerves of many an old veteran, but her courage and skill could hardly be repeated in one so young and frail, for the death reaper was carrying death and destruction across Shiloh's bloody field, and winding its sheet around the cold forms of many a noble son, brother and father.

At last, when the battle was almost over, Mary was ordered into one of the houses that was being used for a hospital, there to commence more hard labor. As she was stripping the clothes off a poor fellow who was shot through the shoulder, she noticed the doctor



and other nurse standing beside the stretcher of a young soldier in gray, the doctor bending down very closely over him to catch his feeble words. In a minute he stepped over to Mary and asked her, with a blanched face, if she had any relatives fighting on the other side. She told him no. He said the young dying rebel's name was Russell, and he looked just like her. In a second our little heroine was beside him, holding his dying head in her arms and crying aloud to God to give her strength to bear this other dreadful blow, for it was her brother Harold. Though speech had almost left him, his tearful eyes met hers, and she said: "Oh, Harold, my brother, it is Mary. Don't you know me? Oh, stay with me!" As she wiped the blood from his noble, young brow, the doctor did all he could to try and revive him for a while, so that he could talk to her, but he only spoke a few words, saying: "Mary, I am not afraid to die. I have lived up to my mother's last words, and I am sure God will receive my soul." At that, Death claimed her own.



This scene will never be forgotten as long as life remains with those who witnessed the sad meeting and parting of the long-lost brother and sister.

After the bloody battle was all over, word concerning Mary was sent to General Grant's headquarters, and he came over immediately. A father never could have done more to comfort a daughter, than he did to comfort her. He ordered an officer's coffin for the young rebel, and as the day was slowly waning and darkness was throwing her sable wings over the earth, they lay the young adjutant, who gave up his life and ambition in a vain cause, at the brow of a hill beneath the tall oaks that grew near the banks of the Tennessee river.

Lay him where the clover blossoms, let the gallant soldier rest,

Where the twilight dews will fall upon his youthful,  
manly breast.

Lay him where the evening sun gives him her parting ray,

Where the violet droops her head, at the parting of the day.

Whilst Harold's body was being prepared for burial, Mary opened his knapsack to see



what was in it. She found their mother's Bible that she gave him when they parted at the asylum, which she put under his head in the coffin, and memoranda showing that he had been all these years on a coffee plantation in Buenos Ayres, South America, and at the breaking out of the war had enlisted in the southern army.

Mary followed the old flag until after the dreadful battle of Corinth. Then, coming home to the old folks, she commenced to prepare for another kind of battle. After she got rested, she spent most of her time in sewing and caring for the soldiers' poor families, while Aunt Sally was busily engaged in making a beautiful silk flag, and she would not tell Mary whom it was for, but Uncle Hiram was up to his same old tricks, and when he found Mary alone, he told her all about it.

Spencer returned after the battle of Five Forks, April 1st, 1865, with an empty sleeve, but not an empty heart, and on Palm Sunday, April 9th, as the brave General Lee surrendered his sword to our gallant General Grant,



Mary made a complete surrender of her heart and hand to the brave young Colonel Graham, given away by Uncle Hiram, while Addie Howard was the maid of honor and Phil the best man. They stood beneath the silvery elm in front of the pretty new house on the old Delaware farm, and Aunt Sally's beautiful silk flag waved o'er them.

Phil is a bright young man, attending a military academy, while Mary and the gallant young colonel share the beautiful home on account of the old folks, until the time shall come when they shall sleep the long sleep in the little church-yard under the weeping willow tree.

And now this lovely young woman has said good-bye to the old unhappy far-off days. She has fought a good fight and won a great victory in making all happy with whom she came in contact, and she glorifies her Heavenly Father for all the blessings He has bestowed upon her, and is no longer a stranger in a strange land.

THE END























NOV 18 1904







